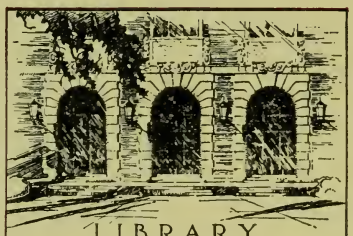

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY
OF ILLINOIS

823
F362m
v.1

307 -

JD Fenton

MEMOIRS

OF A

LADY IN WAITING.

Memoirs of a Lady in Waiting.

by

The Author of *Adventures of Mrs. Colonel Somerset in Caffraria*, &c.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

London:

Saunders, Otley, and Co., Conduit Street.

1860.

The Right of Translation is Reserved.

823
F362m
V.1

MEMOIRS

OF

A LADY IN WAITING.

CHAPTER I.

"There is but the flitting moment wherein to enjoy,
But in the calender of memory that moment is all time."
TUPPER'S *Proverbial Philosophy.*

How strange it is to look back upon the past; the often mentioned "long ago" of our lives; to take a retrospective view of all the trials and troubles that saddened our hearts, and made life seem so heavy a burthen. Do we think those trials so heavy now, when time has shown us the heart's real strength, and made us own that trials are often, in reality, "glances of God's

watchful eye?" Do we not wonder how we could weep over such trifling matters?

Ah! it is too true, life begins with trifles. Some one has said—"Sorrows grow with us to perfect maturity, and then having attained their climax, lose their strength as we do ours, till at last they become almost pleasant, drawing us closer to our rest."

I have found this true, and think most very old people will say so too; but I am wandering away. I was talking of *thinking*, or rather dreaming, of the past.

I dream over it a good deal, and in the quiet evening I draw my arm-chair in front of the fire, and clasping a little precious case of relics belonging to my "long ago," I sit down to enjoy my dream. I conjure up bright scenes in the merry blaze, and hear the echo of happy laughter in the

crackling coals. It is very sad, and yet very pleasant; so pleasant, indeed, that I would not forego that half hour of quiet thought for all the gay doings of the merry world.

I love the remembrance of my young days, the young days too of friends, some of whom are dead, some gone far away, and some so changed that I thank God I can remember their childhood, and thus bear with their present condition, for the past sheds its unchanging halo round all and each.

I am an old woman, a very old woman, and an old cripple, too; so, dear reader, if you would like to learn what I have seen before the former came to pass, you must bear with an old fashioned, and, perhaps, rather prosy individual; and when you tire do not tire your friends also by abusing

my story, but rather let them judge for themselves.

I cannot exactly say why I have begun to tell you of my firelight dreams, but since I have done so I shall go on, dating my story from the second of November, that being the anniversary of my birthday; and as it is a very cold evening, with snow upon the ground, and a blustering wind blowing against the window, I think no one will interrupt me; so I may tell my story as slowly as I like, and, as the old song has it—

"Laugh when I'm merry and sigh when I'm sad."

I do not think I should remember that particular birthday had it not been for an event which happened on it. It was also the birthday of my nurse, a cross, ugly old woman, who, having been my grandmother's and then my dear mother's maid until I

was born, thought she might say or do anything she pleased, and used to scold us all, even my mother.

Upon this birthday she was more than usually cross, and hardly said "thank you" for a beautiful chintz dress, all over roses and tulips, which my father had bought in Holland, at my mother's express wish, for this day. I was sitting beside the toilet-table when the present was given, and saw a flush rise to my mother's cheek, as nurse grumbled out a sort of acknowledgment. My father soon came into the room, holding his hat, with its beautiful white plume almost touching the carpet, and looking so handsome and merry, that no wonder my mother ran up to him, and, blushing with pride, kissed him over and over again. I all the time stood looking on gravely, and thinking how beautiful they both were. He took

nurse's old wrinkled hand in his, and wished her a happy year; to which she replied, "Not much chance of that," with a sort of smile, which I thought made her look more ugly than ever. My father only laughed, and said something in French, which seemed to make my mother sad, even though she laughed mightily and pinched his cheek. After he and nurse had both gone away she laid her head down upon the table for a long time, and I heard her say, "Oh! God help me to bear all these things for thy dear sake, for all is right that Thou orderest!" Soon after, while she was teaching me to say a little hymn, my father returned. Now he was flushed and angry, and before he spoke he caught me up in his arms, and holding me over his head, let me twist my fingers in his glossy ringlets; then suddenly he looked grave, and opening the door, he

put me out of the room, bidding me go to nurse. I did not happen to be pleased with this speedy ending to my usual game of fun with my merry father, and particularly being sent off to cross old nurse; so as the door closed I sat down with my fingers in my mouth, and began to cry heartily.

I had not sat long when I heard a deep sob in the room, and a cry which sounded like my mother's. My own sobs were checked in a moment, and with open ears I listened for what would come next, but I listened in vain, and growing weary, I fell fast asleep. I do not know how long I slept, but it must have been a long time, for the light was fading away, and I felt cold and stiff. I was awakened by a pale, sad looking lady lifting me in her arms, and, in spite of my half shy, half petted struggles, holding me close to her breast. I then saw

there was another and prettier lady with her, who stood back and looked surprised at the kind manner of the other. As they spoke in French, I could not understand any words except one which I knew meant king.

The sound of their voices low as it was must have reached my father's ears, for we had not stood many moments when he opened the door; at first he looked pale and lifted up his dark eye-brows, as he always did when anything surprised him, but, when the lady who held me, turned round, he grew very red, starting back at the same time, but suddenly changing he looked very pleased, and falling on one knee seized her hand, which the lady held out, and commenced speaking very fast, growing so excited, that I began to think he would cry.

I think the lady thought so too, for she

put me into her companion's arms and said—"Poor child! I cannot hold you any more."

Then as I was carried away, I saw her lay her hand upon my father's head, and lean against the door, but I was hurried away, and could see no more, and, child like, very soon forgot all that had happened in a romping game at hide-and-seek, amongst the great old-fashioned chairs in one of our large drawing-rooms.

I was still laughing wildly when the door opened, and my father led in the pale lady; I ran up and seizing her hand looked in her face.

I suppose she remembered being a little girl, and that little girls liked to be petted, for she lifted me in her arms and kissed me, saying as she put me down, "I was very like my dear mother," for which I said

"thank you madam," and made a low curtsey, such as a merry friend of my mother's had taught me; the lady smiled kindly and said, I was a "courtly little dame," and should be a maid of honour! After saying this, she let my father lead her through the open window into the garden, where they spoke for a few moments, he seeming to request something she would not grant; at last he knelt down and kissed her hand, remaining still kneeling while the lady seemed to float away, at least I can call it by no other name, so gracefully did she move out of my sight.

The next moment I was clinging round my father's neck, pulling his hair, and telling him how merry I had been with the pretty lady with the fair hair, and that she had told me I was not half so pretty, and had not half such blue eyes as he had, at which

he laughed much and bid me tell my mother, which I now remember I forgot to do, but said at the time I would; and then he sent me to nurse, telling me not to take the pet again or I should not ride on his back or have any more fun for a long time, so promising to be good I ran off brim full of news, and never caring anything for cross looks, when I had so much to unburden my mind of. It was one, two, three and a jump along the oak corridor, and then dash against the great nursery door.

That night when the hour came at which the servants all met us in the great hall, and the Chaplain read prayers, I saw a man I had never seen before; his face made me shudder and draw closer to my mother than my wont was, keeping my face close upon her arm.

He was on the other side and there was

an expression of hatred and contempt upon her dear face which till then I could not have believed possible. Young as I was, I noticed with what repugnance she avoided meeting his eye, and seemed to recoil when he officiously attempted to pick up a glove she had dropped.

It was one my father had given her and which she valued both for the giver and the costliness of the work, yet even there before all the servants she would not touch it, but desired her woman to carry it away. I wondered, but thought she perhaps wished to save them. Besides the man had very dirty hands.

My father being absent, after the servants had according to their custom wished my mother "God's blessing and good night," she, as the last left the room, went up to the Chaplain and spoke a word or two in a whisper, then she turned to the

stranger and made one of those stately bows, which at the time I speak of were the fashion amongst the great. She next grasped my hand and led me away holding my poor fingers so tight as to bring the tears to my eyes; but not a word would I say, no not though a large diamond ring she wore cut me almost to the bone, and I saw the blood drop upon my dress. I have the scar upon my fore-finger yet, and can almost fancy I feel the clutch of the fair little hand now. Oh! how she sobbed and cried when she saw my hand was hurt, talking to herself of bad omens; her woman had sad work to quiet her, but at last being exhausted with weeping, which I thought strange for so small a thing, (though I knew after that it was but the drop which had made the cup overflow,) being quite tired out she let Margaret arrange her beautiful

hair for the night, and sent her to tell nurse that I was to remain where I was.

After a little petting and talking I was laid in her soft comfortable bed, which I thought (and what little girl does not?) far more delightful than my own, and that the permission to sleep there was recompense sufficient for all the cut fingers in the world. Just as I was dropping asleep, remembering I had not said my prayers, I sprung out of bed, and running up to my mother, who was sitting with her head resting on one hand, told her; and after kissing her very often, I knelt down and said the little prayer she had taught me, ending with asking a blessing for my grandfather, whom, though I had never seen, or even known by any other name, I had been taught to love and pray for, since I first could speak. As I said, "Please bless my dear grand-

father," I felt my mother's arm tremble, and she repeated the words in a low, strange voice; but before I could think more, or ask the question that was trembling on my lips, I heard my father enter. In an instant he was kneeling beside me, his arms round us both, and his face buried in my mother's white dressing-gown. I said "Amen," and looked up; he was shaking very much; even his voice, as he joined me, trembled; suddenly he raised his head and said—

"It is in vain, dearest; hopeless—quite hopeless!"

"Is there not a shadow of a hope, Edward?" asked my mother, speaking as if in great pain; for she held her hands clasped all the time, and wrung them in agony as my father shook his head.

She leant back, and great tears rolled

down her cheeks, which were as white as marble, her lips moving as if she was praying. All at once she threw her arms round my father and said—

"Oh! Edward, they dare not kill him, my noble father; he so gentle and so kind; he who knelt to beg the poor king's life! Oh! the son dare not consent to this wicked murder!" and she seemed too much excited even to breathe, still grasping my father's neck, apparently unconscious that I was growing frightened, began sobbing bitterly, at which, gently disengaging her arms, he lifted me up, and after holding my face to the cold cheek of my poor mother, he laid me in bed and covered me carefully up, lingering as if he liked to look at me. He made me so comfortable, that in spite of my endeavours to stay awake and hear the end of what had already so much

excited my curiosity, my eyes shut of their own accord, and though I opened them once or twice very angrily, I forgot everything and fell fast asleep.

It could not have been long after, when I awoke frightened and trembling from a horrible dream. Starting up, I saw to my great joy the light still burning, and my dear mother sitting in—the safest place in the world—my father's arms. They were talking in a low voice, and after looking at them for a short time until I was at rest again, I lay down and fell to thinking of all sorts of things. My eyes were accidentally fixed upon the door, which I thought moved; being rather frightened, I looked very hard, and presently it opened a little, and a hideous face looked in, so dark and horrible that I thought it must be the devil, and lay

perfectly paralyzed with fear, expecting every moment he would appear bodily. The glaring eyes were looking towards my parents; and as they spoke low, the face was thrust farther forward, so far as to become distinctly visible.

The spell was broken—I knew it was the stranger who had been at prayers, and like a pent-up stream my fear burst forth in a loud shriek, and springing up, I shouted—

"The man! the man!"

In an instant both my parents were by my side, but it was long before I could make them comprehend what had frightened me. When they did, all trace of the cause was of course gone, and the door fast closed. But my father turned deadly pale as he looked towards my mother, who, as soon as she could make

out who and what I had seen, had dropped my hand, and stood staring with wild eyes.

"Will they take you too?" she gasped; and then, hardly knowing what she said or did, she caught me in her arms and cried aloud—

"If they take you, Edward, this child will be an orphan, for the blow that parts your soul and body will unite *us* for ever in God's heavenly kingdom."

My father only hid his face and said—

"Oh! my wife! *that kingdom*—would it were ours; any way to it, even the....."

"Hush! hush! for the love of heaven! the word would kill me. Oh! my child! my child! pray God you may go with us, for there is no rest or peace on earth."

The fountain of her tears seemed dry; but I would rather have seen those torrents of tears which she had shed at the com-

mencement of that fearful night, than heard the deep tearless sobs which now seemed to tear her breast, and even left a stain of blood upon her lips. My dear father led her away, this time sitting down out of sight of the door, and carefully locking it.

I was so worn out, between fear and excitement, that I fell asleep. Nor did I awake until the bright sun was shining into the room so cheerfully, that I could scarcely believe but that the scenes of the night before were only dreams.

CHAPTER II.

"His memory, like some holy light,
Kept alive in our hearts will improve them,
For worth shall look fairer, and truth more bright,
When we think how he lived but to love them"

MOORE.

I SHALL never forget that day, or how pale and troubled my poor mother was, and how she kept watching for my father, starting at every sound. As evening came, still without bringing him, I could see that after every false alarm she pressed her handkerchief to her forehead, till at last it became quite damp, and I was sent to bring a fresh one. The sun was just setting amid a haze of red and purple when the long expected step was heard.

With an exclamation of delight my mother ran to the hall, but a shade of disappointment passed over her face, for my father was accompanied by a handsome old man, who, looking kindly at her, took her hand, and without noticing me led her back to the drawing-room. What happened there I do not know, being sent off to my bed; but I found out next day that my father was preparing to go on a foreign embassy, and that though my mother grieved to part with him, she kept always telling him how thankful she was, and that they could never thank my Lord Clarendon enough.

She helped to pack the great leather trunk, folding everything with her own hands, and often, when she thought nobody was looking, holding the clothes to her lips until tears came; then she would sigh and begin packing again.

My father was running backwards and forwards from the Court all day, and when night came looked so tired and worn out that my mother made him lie down and rest his head upon her lap, she all the while trying to talk cheerfully and keep back the bitter tears which I saw coming to her eyes.

At last midnight came, and, after kneeling down with us to ask God's protection during his journey, my beloved father went with my Lord Clarendon in a hired coach to the wharf where the ship lay ready to sail.

When he had fairly gone, my mother's courage gave way, and I thought she was dead, so long did the stupor last, but at length she clasped me in her arms and began to cry.

For three days she could not leave her bed; but on the third, the pale lady, of whom I spoke before, came to her, and I

noticed that when she left, my mother looked calmer and got up next morning at her usual hour, which showed me she must have derived great comfort from her kind visitor, who, when she returned, did not send me away as before, but allowed me to sit at my mother's feet and listen; though I could not understand what was said, as they spoke in French, I saw the lady's words pleased my mother, and though her tears often came they were not so bitter, but rather appeared to soothe.

Time went by, and each day the comforter came, always alone and always at the same hour. Other people too used to call, both ladies and gentlemen, though of the latter she only seemed pleased with my Lord Clarendon, who was the father of one of our lady friends, the pretty but unhappy looking Duchess of York.

In spite of all this attention and kindness time passed wearily, my mother growing so thin and pale that the dear lady, who had made me call her Mistress Catherine, after much persuasion, made her promise to drive every day.

This driving had a sad end. One day, when going to the park, the coachman had to draw aside to make room for an immense procession. I, full of admiration and wonder at the horses, soldiers, and dresses, was gazing eagerly at the crowd, begging to know who they were, when I felt my waist grasped by my mother; she dragged me back into the coach, and, to my utter consternation, flung open the door and sprung out. I heard her shriek, and saw the crowd open before her and then close again, waving to and fro like the sea. At last my mother was brought back in the arms of a tall young

man, who laid her in the coach and then hurried away. Immediately after my Lord Clarendon came and got in beside us, pulling up the shutters as he ordered the coachman to drive home. I was very much afraid; but the quiet eye that was fixed upon me kept me quiet, though the sobs swelled in my throat, so I sat holding my mother's hand and feeling utterly wretched, for I thought she had been killed, and believed my Lord Clarendon knew it. Great, beyond all expression, was my joy when I saw her eyes open, and perceiving my Lord near her laid her head upon his arm, and began weeping; while he, bending down, spoke in a low tone, not making mention of any name, I heard him say,—"How like a saint he looked," and that "they would see him even more glorious again."

To my great grief, I was not permitted to remain with my mother when we reached home, but sent to my dismal nursery, where I went supperless to bed, as punishment for asking nurse so many questions.

Altogether, the day was a sad and troubled one—one ever to be remembered in our family, and indeed in England; for I found that a dreadful crime had been authorized by the Parliament, and to satisfy the private revenge of malignant enemies, a good old man, to whom no blame could be attached save chosing the side of the Parliament in the civil war, had been that day brought to the scaffold. Dear reader, that man was my grandfather, the good old General Okey, who, after years of exile, was betrayed by one he deemed his friend, brought to England as a traitor, and in spite of the earnest remonstrance

of a few firm supporters, condemned to death. The certainty of his fate had been concealed from my mother, and thus she fell in the way of seeing the fulfilment of her fears.

I am telling you this now, dear reader, although I did not know it for a long time after ; but, to keep my story clear, I had better explain events as they happened. This event was what my father meant when he said there was "no hope," and also explains my mother's grief. This, too, was the cause of my father's leaving England, he being so implicated in the petitions for my grandfather's pardon as to draw suspicion on himself.

A few nights after the sad day I have just been speaking of, I had gone to bed without, as usual, seeing my mother; but knowing she was sure to come, I lay awake

and watched nurse knitting until she fell asleep, and then, being very lonely, I began (as children very often do) to cry, hiding my face under the sheets. Gradually my tears ceased; I began meditating whether I could not get up and steal away to my mother, when a hand lifted the sheet, and I saw my Lord Clarendon holding a small lamp, which threw a strange light upon his pale, sweet face.

I neither started nor spoke, but waited for him to say something, which he soon did, telling me to "be quiet and not awake her," meaning nurse, who was still sleeping. Putting my arms round his neck, I begged him to take me to my mother, and he answered by lifting me up, and with a noiseless step, which I thought very strange for such a tall man, carried me past nurse and along the corridor,—not

however, to my mother's room, but up a long flight of stairs, to a little room usually occupied by the chaplain; here he knocked. The instant the door opened, the light dazzled my eyes; but I knew whose arms were clasped round me, and, hiding my face, I clung delighted to my father's breast.

When I raised my head I saw he was so changed that I hardly knew him. His beautiful hair and moustache had been cut off, and there was an ugly black patch across his cheek. Seeing my look of dismay, and perhaps fear, he set me down with an angry exclamation. But my lord put me in his arms again, saying—

"Edward, you are mad; remember your disguise; you may never see her again."

My father groaned and held me in his arms again, and I could feel his heart

throbbing against mine as he kissed me, whispering a prayer in my ear that God would watch over me and make me a comfort to my mother. This caused me to look up, expecting she was there ; but I only saw a tall man, who was leaning against the door with folded arms, and looking eagerly at me.

" She is not here, my pet," whispered my father, " but you are going to her."

Then he clenched his hand, and swore to have vengeance on the murderers of my grandfather.

But my lord stepped forward, and laying his hand upon his lips, said rather sternly—

" Edward, be silent; this folly may bring us all to the scaffold."

My father bit his lip, and looked in the kind friend's face with such a gaze of love

and trust, that it has remained ever upon my memory, and ever will.

His eyes were still on my lord's face, when a sharp, low knock made us all start; a side-door opened, and there stood Mistress Catherine.

She wore a large cloak thrown over a gay dress, and her hood having fallen back, I saw a wreath of glittering jewels encircled her head.

My Lord Clarendon started, and, with a troubled face, remained perfectly still.

"Give me your child, my friend," she said, in her sweet voice, though it trembled much. "I could not trust them; I came, and your wife is ready. Let me have her," she added hurriedly, "I promise to protect her; she shall be mine; you know I have no child."

"Heaven bless your Majesty," said my

father, scarcely able to speak, as he laid me in her arms. "Oh, make her like....." here his voice gave way, and, covering his face, he sat silent.

A loud noise echoed through the house, while the great bell pealed fiercely. In an instant the lights were extinguished, and Mistress Catherine, carrying me in her arms, ran quickly down a long steep stair, at the bottom of which some one was waiting, to whom she spoke in a language I had never heard before, but only a few words, and then a gust of cold wind made me cling closer to her breast.

"Be patient, dear one," she whispered; "rest, rest."

I lay still, being an obedient child, and also very frightened. Although I was small of my age my weight soon began to have effect. I could fell her arms trem-

bling violently, while her breathing grew quick and loud. "Let me walk," I cried, trying to get down; but she held me tight until she was quite exhausted, when she said—

"I believe I must put you on your poor bare feet."

The cold damp grass chilled me as I ran along; we came to a walk, the stones of which cut my feet, still I had a brave heart and went on. Presently a lamp shone before us, and in the dim light I saw we had reached a gate at which stood a coach, and in it I joyfully recognised my mother.

"Is all safe," she asked, speaking over my shoulder to Mistress Catherine.

"As far as human power can go; but there is no time to lose."

"The Holy Virgin be with you, my friend."

With her own hands she closed the door, and bade the postilion go on. Looking up as the coach moved, I saw her standing alone, without any protection save her own pure, noble heart. In after years, when my mother spoke of it, she said she looked angelic as the pale light fell upon her bare head; and that her eyes shone brighter than the stars above her. No wonder my dear mother thought this, for Mistress Catherine had risked all she held dear on earth to assist the innocent and wronged.

What a terrible night's drive that was,—first, from the agony of grief my mother took no pains to conceal, and then, from the wild storm of rain and wind which raged over the plains, and often threatened to burst open the frail shuttters of the creaking old coach. Yet, in spite of storm and rain, on we went; but, after some time

it was evident our pace was slackening, until at last the horses stood still, and neither whip nor spur would induce them to move a step.

My poor mother put up with the lashes and oaths of the postilion for a long time, at last she could do so no longer; so, pulling aside one of the shutters, she called out she would sooner walk a thousand times. But the man was either deaf or did not wish to hear, for he still sat kicking and swearing until the poor beasts, having recovered their breath, made another start, and gaining a level piece of road went along quite briskly.

Daylight was now beginning to peep over the black looking hills, and every minute I could trace more distinctly the outline of the country. Oh! what a bleak wild country it was,—low bare hills rising

and falling on every side, separated by swampy hollows and dotted here and there with miserable stunted old trees, putting me in mind of the horrible German tales I used to delight in so much, about dwarfs who, when daylight came, changed themselves into just such trees, and stayed in bare places to induce the unwary traveller to take shelter under their branches. At night they would resume their former shapes, and after tormenting their victims in the most horrible manner, change them also into trees and put them to entice their friends to destruction, with no power left but to give vent to their feelings with sighs and groans only. So impressed was I with the reality of these tales, that I was not effectually quieted as long as I could see a bush or tree, and felt intense relief when they gave place to gray rocks and heathy hills.

We journeyed on, dawn getting brighter, until heralded by a whole army of red and purple clouds the bright sun burst forth over the horizon. Turning to my mother, I saw she was praying. "Let me pray too, mother," I said, and, clasping my hands, I repeated my morning hymn. Then we both sat watching the ever changing tints of the dispersing clouds. I have seen many sunrises since, for I am an old fashioned early riser; but I do not think I ever felt so awe-stricken, or was so sensible of the overwhelming majesty of God. Even now, when I see a similar one, something of my old feeling comes back, and I fancy myself a wondering child again.

"What is that, mother?" I asked, as after some of the clouds had risen and others had floated entirely out of sight,

I noticed a dark blue line bounding the horizon.

My mother's cheek grew red, as she answered in a more cheerful voice—

"It is the sea, my pet; we have not far to go now."

I then asked many questions, but gained little information, for she evaded them all; and seeing she was too much occupied by her own thoughts to heed mine, was at last content to hold my tongue and wait patiently for the end of our journey to elucidate the mystery of the night.

I had not long to wait: soon after losing sight of the sea for a time, we suddenly saw it again, this time as the background to what I thought the prettiest valley I had ever beheld.

The road had been gradually rising for a mile or two, and I observed that we were

now far above the little valley, in which were white cottages gleaming through dark green trees.

Close to the road a stream rushed down the face of a gray rock, and fell foaming into a dark pool far below; I just looked, and then drew back, fearing we too were going over, but the road took a sharp turn, and at a very slow walk we began descending the steep hill, the coach all the time creaking and swaying to and fro.

My heart beat quicker and quicker, as the windows of the cottages became more distinctly visible, particularly when I saw a spire ; and after another turn, and a long look, knew it was a village church. How lovely it looked, peeping over the tallest of the trees, and pointing to Heaven seemed to lose itself in eternity!

We were soon on level ground, the road

winding in and out amongst trees and small fields until we reached the first cottage in a street of old houses.

To my dismay I saw that it was empty, and the next also, but at last observing some children before a porch, I longed to jump out and be down upon the fresh grass beside them; we passed close by the church.

Old and gray it certainly was, with ivy clinging round its walls, and the dark cypresses almost burying the church-yard. My mother took my hand and said in a quiet but very, very sad voice—

"Mary, I was married in that church."

CHAPTER III.

" Each turn of the oft trodden path
Recalls some early day,
And brings before the brighting eye
Some friend long passed away."

My mother's attention was now occupied by thoughts of the past, while I was not less busily engaged in noting the outward appearance of the old house beside the church which we were now approaching.

At first sight, I thought it was almost a ruin; there were gables and turrets rising in all directions, round which whole flocks of jackdaws hovered, and almost entirely covered with ivy, which here and there

having been torn by storms from the old gray walls, now hung down in tangled masses, waving in the breeze as if to greet us. When we arrived at the old porch, I knew by a sort of instinct even before my mother spoke, that our journey was over.

The postilion got down from the great bony horse and stood for a while stretching himself, and looking so queer that I began to laugh, and was trying to smother my merriment, when the door of the house opened, and a gray haired man with a beaming smile absolutely lighting up his wrinkled face came forth. He received my dear mother with open arms, bidding her welcome to her home, and she though trembling and very pale did not give way to tears, bearing up and answering the many questions the old man asked, he pausing every now and then on our way across the hall to

look at me and call me his "little pet!" When we reached a lighter room and he saw how jaded my mother was, he made her sit down, and ran to order some refreshment.

A great wolf dog which had been lying before the fire, had now risen, and stood looking wistfully up in my mother's face; she did not see him, and just as I was going to draw her attention to him, he rubbed his nose agaist her hand, uttering a low whine.

My mother looked at the dog, and said in a tone of astonishment—"Dear old Mark!" Then throwing her arms round his shaggy neck, she began to cry, leaving her face resting upon his head.

Mark seemed quite happy, whining and wagging his tail all the time until the old gentleman coming in, my mother said—

"Oh, dear uncle Burnett, to think of finding Mark here yet, it makes me almost feel a girl again."

"Oh, my dear," said Mr. Burnett, "Mark and I have kept watch here together, he is a faithful friend. But now, you must lie down and drink some of this wine, or I shall have to exercise some of my medical skill, I fear."

His cheerful tone seemed to dispell my mother's sad feelings, and, yielding with a child-like obedience to his orders, she lay down, drank the wine, and let him arrange a plaid over her, Mark taking up his station by the fire again, but keeping his great eyes fixed upon my mother, while a wag of his tail, every now and then, told that he recognized her presence.

I sat down on a stool, and began to think

how she used to dislike dogs, particularly the little glossy things the Court ladies delighted to carry in their arms and feed with sweetmeats, and which she used to call ugly little things, and to wonder at such a change in her feelings towards the objectionable race. Being fond of weaving romances for my own gratification, I set to work, but my attention was soon diverted to another channel, and my curiosity awakened by the earnest conversation between my mother and Mr. Burnett. They both seemed much affected, he repeating—

"God have mercy on His people;" and then, in speaking of the King, said—

"He acts not according to his own judgment, but by the evil counsel of those in favour."

I was astonished to hear my mother speak in a familiar manner of the Queen,

thinking it strange she could know all she said. At length Mr. Burnett volunteered to show her the chamber he had prepared for our use, and, taking my hand, she led me up stairs. I observed she looked eagerly round, as if remembering every turn, and, when he opened the last door of a long passage, and turned round, a flood of sunshine lighting up his venerable face, my mother fairly threw her arms round his neck, and thanked him over and over again for giving her her own old room.

"I tried to make it as much like bygone times as possible," said he, with a smile of satisfaction, and taking her hand, led her in, when, seeing she was much affected, he tried to soothe her, saying, "Remember, God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb; every trouble comes saddled with a blessing. Think how peacefully you can educate this

little maiden. May heaven grant her a happier life than the blessed martyr she so much resembles."

Thus saying, he placed his hand upon my head, and, gazing earnestly at me, went away without looking back at my mother.

As soon as the door closed I flew to her, and getting on her lap, I laid my head in its old resting-place, amongst the soft white folds of her muslin kerchief.

"Tell me all about everything," I said; "I want to know everything from the beginning."

"Too long a story, dearest," she said; "too sad and too sorrowful; so we will talk and rest."

She began to speak of having lived here years ago, but suddenly stopping, she got up and drew back a curtain which concealed

a large picture. I looked, and there I saw a face I knew well.

"How good of Uncle Burnett to think of this too," said my mother. "Do you know that face, my child? Do you remember my little picture of your grandfather?'"

Little did she think how well I did, or how often I dreamt that it came and watched over me, pointing always with one arm to heaven. Little did my dear mother know the deep impression that face had made upon my heart, or think how, in after life, it would come like a guardian angel between me and the many trials that fell to my lot.

I told her I often thought of him, and begged to know still more, of what he had done and suffered. So we sat talking until the dim twilight stole into

the room, and the picture became more and more indistinct, fading at last entirely away, but leaving the face as clear, in my mind's eye, as when the bright sun shone full upon it. I remained very quiet and thoughtful; a veil seemed to have been lifted up. I had grown older by many years during that brief conversation. The enigma of my past life had been solved. I could understand now the cause of my mother's tears and anxiety, my father's frequent journeys, and the flight we had made.

When first told of my grandfather's fate, a glimmering of the truth came into my mind, but after events had obliterated it. Now the key had been applied, and as is often the case, my mind had

been opened to reason, and indeed to comprehend the past with its bearings on the present.

Do not think I am forgetting now what I felt as a child, or making a prodigy of a simple little girl; not so at all. Many of those who can recall their childhood, will remember well enough that in one hour or moment they have suddenly felt as it were the real truth of life—the reality of living. Few, I rejoice, have been so sadly awakened to this state, as few have been placed in such a combination of troubles as I was; but then let them remember the time of which I speak, let them turn to any of our historians and think in what a dangerous position my poor father must

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS LIBRARY

have been, and they will understand how a child's life might be crowded with adventures and trials.

Things are changed now, and I trust will remain so; for sad indeed were the days of my girlhood. England was like a sleeping volcano, there was no very visible appearance of the smouldering fire; yet the attentive listener could hear the suppressed mutterings of the imprisoned force, and at times the earth would tremble beneath his feet.

Not only was public spirit in such a sad wild state, party feeling was bitterer still, and alas! that it should have been. The dreadful taint crept into one's very household; sitting like a skeleton beside each hearth, the nearest relatives were

ready to rise up, ready to cast aside all ties of nature and kindred, and deliver the brother or father to the scaffold.

The King, though nominally at the head, was in reality ruled, or rather misruled, by ambitious and intriguing courtiers. One day the Church, the next Dissenters ; one hour a good man would warm the dormant feeling of his heart, and a just law would be issued, the next a gay, jesting profligate would set law, justice, and wisdom at defiance, and the country would be paralyzed by some desperate edict worthy of a Nero.

In the midst of such change and uncertainty, the good Queen alone seemed to find universal favour, and I had almost said pity, for few knew with what real

affection Charles regarded his gentle, modest wife; and those few were mostly such whose interest it was to conceal and blacken by their vile lies the true character of Catherine, and her secret influence over the weak King. Alas that that influence only lasted while her sweet voice was whispering its wise counsels in his ear, and her clear, loving eyes looking in his!

Perhaps the greatest blot among the many dark spots that sullied the time, was the open contempt in which every principle of virtue and goodness was held. In fact, to attain anything like fashionable pre-eminence, a man must acquire a reputation for profligacy that would strike horror and disgust into any

heart in which even a single spark of virtue existed. Nor did men alone seek to gain great places by vile acts. As a natural consequence women, too, aspired to fame so easily gained; and who can wonder at the depravity of the age, when those who were placed at the King's right-hand, almost before the Queen herself, were women such as the Duchess of St. Albyns and Portsmouth. Language which would now raise a blush even on the cheek of a Billingsgate fishwife, was then the common medium of conversation between those who professed to the highest accomplishments of the day; and long ere the first down of youth had faded from the fair debutante's cheek, the

blush had forgotten its once hallowed throne.

Charles himself, however maligned, was not half so evil or cold-hearted as the majority of those courtiers whose vices historians have left unrecorded, not because they were less notorious, but because they were not those of royalty. It is true that the King, like all his race, loved pleasure, and often gave way to the impulse of the moment, sometimes setting aside all thoughts of right or wrong for the gratification of some passing whim. Yet all was not evil,—great and kind actions warmed him to the same disinterestedness,—he would have stripped himself of his coat to clothe a beggar as willingly as spend large sums

of public money upon some costly trinket for his favourite mistress.

In after years it became the manner of the people to hold up the character of the King to public obloquy; nothing was too bad, no sin too heinous to pile upon his name, and to his charge was laid the levity that for many a day prevaded the morals of England. But this, like many other judgments of posterity, was utterly wrong. The age made the King, not the King the age, and if vice prevailed, which it too truly did, it is foul calumny to lay it to the King's charge.

Every country, ancient as well as modern, has its own epochs of particular sin; England we trust passed hers then, but let not the more favoured and en-

lightened of the present day visit the sins of the country upon the nominal head. Would a lord of a county hold himself accountable for every crime committed in that county; the same with Royalty, it is a King's duty and privilege to set forth good, but certainly he cannot be charged with the burthen of each evil of his time.

The greatest misfortune in Charles's reign was his openness to flattery; it was by it Buckingham gained his high post in his master's favour, a post he abused in every possible way, bringing his own vices in such immediate contact with those of the King, as to confound all in an inextricable confusion, a confusion in which the name of Buckingham

sinks into oblivion from the too near proximity to royalty. Buckingham, Rochester, and dozens of men of less note, filled the King's too willing ears with the very breath of flattery, blinding him to their own faults, and baring those of others before his eyes.

The Church might have done much, but the Church was utterly lost: priests and clergymen, rectors and laymen, wrangled in the most disgraceful manner, passing their time in abusing, denouncing each other from the pulpit and the altar, to such a degree that swords were often drawn, and even used within the precincts of the house of God.

Verily religion had come to a sad

pitch when quarrels arose and were settled in a place of worship. May God protect our country from a recurrence of such scenes!

CHAPTER IV.

"Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There as I passed with careless steps and slow,
The mingled notes came soften'd from below."

GOLDSMITH.

I HAVE ever looked back upon the peaceful life I led during the three years passed at the quiet old rectory, as the time of all others for which I should be most thankful, for it was there I learned those lessons which strengthened me in times of difficulty and trial.

The days may have appeared monoto-

nous to my mother, but if they did she never willingly let me see she was weary, telling me I would often look back and long with my whole heart for the quiet *every-day-the-same* sort of life we had led at the cottage.

Oh, how little did even she think how prophetic her words were! and it was well for us both that the future was not revealed.

It would be of little use to tell how we spent our time: we read, worked and visited the poor, Mr. Burnett going about his own business just as if we were not there, only in the evening, when the windows were shut up, he would often bring his great books and writing into the little parlour, and sit quietly by us, some-

times reading out pieces of history which seemed to strike him. I learned to love him more and more every day, and used to sit and watch the movement of his lips as he pored over those mysterious books.

There was one great event, however, which I looked forward to the whole year, that was a visit from my Lord Clarendon.

He came in the autumn, and remained two days, and oh! what happy days they were, for after he had spoken to my mother in the morning, he would carry me off for a long ramble over the Downs, and tell me beautiful stories of the Kings and Queens of England, or of the Crusaders; sometimes, too, he spoke of the present and of my absent father.

The first time he came, he told me a long story of one he called Lawrence, who had gone all the way to the top room of one of the old London houses, when it was in a sheet of flame, to save a poor widow's bird, who kept crying for it because it was the only thing left which her husband had given her. I thought much of the story, and whenever I read the name of Lawrence I remembered it again, wishing I had a brother who had been so brave and kind.

At the end of the second year, another lord came to visit us—namely, my Lord Sandwich; but he left little joy behind him, my mother weeping whenever I asked her what news he had brought; even Mr. Burnett spoke despondingly of

the next year. But time went by, and spring gave me back my long walks and wild flowers again; with autumn came our dear friend, but this time only for a few hours; he looked pale and worn, and as soon as he departed, my mother lay down on the bed, telling me her head ached; but when I crept up hours after, she was lying with her hands clasped, and praying.

Next day, letters came by a special messenger, and seemed to revive her spirits a little, so that she gave me my lessons, and even walked out. Mr. Burnett sat much with us now, and the sadder my poor mother looked, the merrier he grew, telling me droll stories, and laughing till the tears ran down his

cheeks; indeed, one day he actually sang to me a long strange rhyme about dragons and enchantment, in such a cracked shrill voice, and with so many turns, that I sat wrapt in wonder as to how he would ever recover his own soft-toned voice again, and, I fear, much inclined to laugh, had I not remembered how often my mother taught me to respect the aged and the gray-haired.

I kept silence, quite glad when the song ended merrily in a wedding and all sorts of happiness; still, though there was nothing but mirth in it, my mother got up and went to her own room, where I, following soon after, found her reading the Bible, with tears

still dropping now and then from her dear eyes.

I wanted to speak, but could not think what to say; at last I said—

"How funny Mr. Burnett is."

"Is he, my dear?" she said, shutting the precious little book and taking me on her knee.

"Why, mother, you heard him sing. Did he ever do it before? He hardly ever used to laugh, and now he keeps continually talking and laughing. I do think he's very funny."

"I do not, my child," said my mother, sighing deeply; "he does it to cheer me; he knows how anxious I am, and, in the kindness of his heart, he would try to rouse me and make me forget. Mary

dear, I am glad you have spoken of this to me; I can better say all I wanted, but lacked courage to do. I may have to leave you, my darling, to join your father; and if I do, you must stay with Mr. Burnett. Remember, dear, what a debt of love you owe him for his kindness to me. There is much danger of another war, and I know not how your father may act ; he is now, you know, in France. If we fight with France, he must either give himself up as a prisoner or join them. In either case, I must go to him. I cannot bear to be here in this dreadful quiet when your father is fighting. Oh! Mary, do not sob and break my heart," she said, sobbing herself at the same time, " but let us kneel down

and ask the protection of our God. It is His will, my darling, and you know what He does is always for the best."

I clung to her neck, as we knelt down together, trying to check my sobs, that I might join her prayers; but a cold, heavy hand seemed pressed upon my heart—a strange sound, like the breaking of waves, came rushing in my ears, so loud as to drown what my dear mother said; yet I felt what she said, for every word made both heart and head throb as if they would burst. After trying to still this throbbing for some time, the pain grew worse and worse, the unseen hand heavier, until it now held my heart and pressed me to the earth. I heard a sort of wild cry,

and knew it was my voice, though I never meant to utter it. That instant the pain was intense; I felt lifted up higher and higher, until I lost all sense; and the last I heard of my mother's prayer rang loudly in my ears—"Unite us all in Thy heavenly kingdom, for the dear Saviour's sake."

CHAPTER V.

"Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds
Or bends with the remover to remove;
Oh, no, it is an ever fixed mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken."

SHAKESPEARE.

"MOTHER, mother!" were the first words I uttered, when I awoke from what seemed a long night of painful dreams, dreams in which strange faces had come to me, soothing my terrible pain, and though I called for my mother, she had never come to me. I awoke with her name upon my lips, and the image

of her dear face before me. As I started up I fancied a voice said to me—"Unite us all in Thy heavenly kingdom, for the dear Saviour's sake."

With a sickly feeling of awe at some unknown presence, I sank back and listened to the strains of music that were stealing solemnly into the room; it seemed a hymn, and came so quietly and so sweetly too, that I almost believed I heard music from heaven, and began to tremble with the intensity of my awe: suddenly the music ceased, and I dared to open my eyes and look round me.

Again I was puzzled; I knew my room could not have been so changed; in it there were only plain white curtains and one old fashioned window. Here I saw

rose hangings and gaily coloured windows, through one of which, being partly open, I looked upon a beautiful garden. Surely I had been carried off by some of my fairy friends, and was perhaps in the Queen's Palace.

I listened eagerly for any token of a companion, and, after what appeared a very long suspense, a gentle rustling greeted my ears. I hid my face trem blingly, for I thought—they are comeing; I hear the rustling of their wings. To my surprise and great joy a voice I knew well called me, and, looking up, I saw dear Mistress Catherine.

Oh! how gladly I kissed her, and thanked her for coming, telling her how frightened I had been, and begging her

to send word to my mother to come to me.

It was then I heard how things had come about, and that my mother was already with my father; and, moreover, that during an illness with which I was seized, the very day my mother left, Mr. Burnett, in fulfilment of a promise he made to her, brought me all the way to London, to place me under Mistress Catherine's own care.

You may be sure, dear reader, the departure of my mother was sad news to me; and it was very bitter to think it might be years ere I could see her again; but the worst of all was, that she and my father were placed in great peril.

It was a long time before I could listen

with any degree of composure to the kind words Mistress Catherine said to me, but at last my grief exhausted itself, and, wearied out, I listened perforce to the plans she had arranged for me.

One thing struck me as being somewhat strange, namely, the urgent manner in which she impressed upon me, that I was to avoid speaking to any one I might see, or who might question me about my father and mother. All this I promised to do, and she then left me, saying she would send me a companion, who, although unable to speak English, would sing songs for me in her native tongue. I watched Mistress Catherine, and remembered how, when I first saw her, I had compared her to an angel. I thought

too of my mother, and repeated to myself as many of her dear maxims as I could recall, praying in my heart that I might be able to go to her soon, but, alas! in answer to all, I only seemed to hear her last words—"Unite us all in Thy heavenly kingdom, for the dear Saviour's sake."

* * *

I was still too weak to move, and when I was permitted, at my own request, to attempt it, I fell down, so I gladly let them lift me back into my weary bed again.

Day after day still found me a prisoner, and rather a lonely one too, my only visitor, besides Mistress Catherine, being an old, yellow-faced doctor, who came every day, and always said that I was not

to talk too much. This was all I ever heard him order, though, as he talked very fast in another language, both to Mistress Catherine and Nina, he may have given many more concise directions. One day my friend told me he was the Queen's doctor, and, being a countryman of her own, knew nothing of England.

Nina, by way of amusing me, used to bring great baskets of flowers to arrange into bouquets for the Court ladies, who, she told me often sent to her for them; and sometimes too Mistress Catherine let me amuse myself by decking her all over with the loveliest of the flowers. It happened, one day, I was engaged with this occupation, and had wreathed her beautiful hair with a garland of lilies and rose-

buds; I was in the act of fastening a bunch upon her breast, when the door flew open, and a gentleman entered.

Mistress Catherine who was kneeling by the bed sprang hastily to her feet and gazing at him, seemed to forget the flowers with which her hair and hands were full; the intruder stopped and looked at her with a smile of admiration, nor did I wonder at this, for as she stood in a startled attitude, crowned and encircled with gay flowers, she looked very beautiful.

Presently her head drooped, and a blush glowed on her cheek, while half bending forward she seemed to wait for him to speak, but he only held out his arms calling her by her name, and utter-

ing it in a tone of such pathos that I thought he was asking her pardon, nor when I looked at him did I wonder she seemed so eager to forgive or throw herself joyfully on his beast. I thought of my father and mother, and losing sight of the present in the past, I turned away, thinking Mistress Catherine might not like me to look on; but hearing them converse in a low tone curiosity overcame me, and I looked again; as I did so the gentleman's eye caught mine and laughing at the puzzled questioning gaze I put on, I heard him mention my name, but Mistress Catherine told him I was not to speak, at which he only laughed and asked me how I liked such a strict jailor.

Just then a bell sounded, making him utter an exclamation of anger and continue his conversation in a quicker tone; but the bell rang again, and this time he rose, and saying—

"I am less my own master than any of my servants; I wish the Ministry were all with the devil!" At which Mistress Catherine pretended to look grave, and whispered something in his ear. Before leaving the room he brought her up to my bedside; for about a minute they stood looking rather sadly in my face, and then he whispered, though loud enough for me to hear,

"How like she is to her father!"

She looked in his face with a smile, saying—

"Tell her so, Charles."

And he did so, patting my head; then taking one of the flowers I still held he said it should be his badge that night, but before he reached the door he threw away the flower saying something so angrily that I could hardly believe it was the same man.

"You are soon beginning to dispense thorns with your roses fair lady," he said holding up his hand. "Give me one of yours, Kate? thou hast no thorns for me."

Mistress Catherine did so, speaking at the same time in such a happy tone that though she spoke in her own language, which I did not understand, I knew she must be telling him how beloved he was.

After he had gone away I did not disturb her happiness, but let her sit quiet with her head rested on one hand and holding a knot of ribbon he had dropped in the other; she sat thus a long time, so long that the sun had ceased to shine, and the golden light fled from the sky.

Alas! with it the happy gleam faded from my dear friend's cheek, and with the dim twilight came a sad and wearied expression. Sighing deeply, she rose, saying as she stooped to kiss me—

"Good night, my child, the sun never shines long together."

She then went away, leaving me full of conjectures as to why she looked so mournful, with many other whys and wonders about everything.

I went to sleep at last, and I dreamt of fairies and fairy land, that Mistress Catherine was the queen of their bright realm, and took me and my mother to live with her. Oh! what glorious things those dreams of childhood are, all sunshine and brightness.

Alas! far different is it with us in after life, when sleep to a troubled mind is even more painful than waking, haunted as it is by dreams of other days. How strange and sad they seem! they are like medicine of the soul, for who could know the value of true happiness if life had no sorrow? and sorrow must be remembered to enable us to enjoy the present. If the heart cannot raise itself above grief and understand the necessity of such trials, it

is not worthy of the happiness God sends, to cure the wounds he inflicts.

* * * *

My readers must not think that I did not weary very much to leave the chamber, pretty as it was, in which they saw fit to confine me; nor was I so wanting in curiosity as not to try all I could to find out why I had been brought away from the old cottage, and where I now was; all, however, I could discover, was that I was near London, and even within the precincts of the palace.

Once or twice I ventured to ask Mistress Catherine to tell me more; but she only called me an inquisitive little monkey, and, when I persisted in asking, said my mother had told me all she

wished me to know ; so I was obliged to be patient, and treasure up my questions against the time when I should return to Mr. Burnett, that being one of the promises which were held out as a reward for my present obedience.

One day, to my great joy, she told me to prepare for a drive, and I was carried down to a fine glass and gilt coach, drawn by six horses, with richer trappings than I had ever seen. Into this Mistress Catherine also got, bringing with her two ladies, who never spoke except when she addressed them. I wondered much, remembering to have seen one of them very merry with my father, when she, with other ladies, came

to visit us; and how angry my mother had been, calling her a forward and malapert woman — even reproving my father for paying her so much attention.

This all came to my memory as we drove along, and made me look hard at her. Mistress Catherine noticing this, asked me why I stared so much, and I was very nearly repeating my thoughts, but thinking better of it, held my tongue, only saying she was a very pretty lady, at which she smiled, and said I might look at her as much as I pleased.

CHAPTER VI.

"That was the first sound in the song of love,
Scarce more than silence is, and yet a sound.
Hands of invisible spirits touch the strings
Of that mysterious instrument, the soul,
And play the prelude of our fate. We hear
The voice prophetic, and are not alone."

LONGFELLOW.

OUR drive lasted a long while, and I was getting tired of the heat and dust, when we stopped. Mistress Catherine bade me alight, as she meant to walk under the trees. Overjoyed at the thought of treading on the fresh green turf again, I sprang eagerly out, and would have

fallen, from weakness, if one of the ladies had not caught me. Seeing I could not walk, they made me sit under one of the thickest trees, and the prettiest lady volunteering to stay, Mistress Catherine took the arm of the other and walked away. Presently, an old man came along the wide path, and, with great joy, I recognized my dear Mr. Burnett.

I was soon in his arms, crying with happiness, and asking about my mother, from whom he had heard very lately; bidding him take me home as soon as I was able, fearing I might be a burthen on Mistress Catherine; and telling me (which made my heart tenfold lighter) that my father was in great expectation of getting a high command under the

King of Portugal, which, being the Queen's native country, was a haven to her friends.

He finished by telling me that I ought to thank the good Queen for all she had done for me, and I promised to do so if I ever saw her, though I thought I should be very frightened in speaking to such a great personage.

Mr. Burnett laughed, saying I would gain courage when the time came; and then he told me how he had left his old house, to live in London, and gave me a description of his present employment; but we were soon interrupted by being informed that Mistress Catherine was waiting for us; upon which he led me to the coach and uncovered his head,

kissing her hand as he said something in a low tone, which I supposed was "Farewell."

All the way back I sat thinking of what Mr. Burnett had told me, and longed to be alone with Mistress Catherine, that I might tell her how good the Queen had been to my father. My patience was at length rewarded, and I had just concluded my story, when her husband entered. She made me begin again, and go over the whole, particularly about my fear of having to speak to the Queen; at this he laughed loudly, and looked at me so strangely, that I almost wondered whether he was in his right mind, as I could not see anything so very absurd in

a little girl like me being afraid to speak to a Queen.

One day, after Mr. Burnett had paid me a long visit, I was surprised by Mr. Charles entering alone; he had some papers in his hand, and, without taking any notice of me, sat down and looked them over with great attention, then, rumpling them up in his hand, he turned abruptly towards me, and bade me call his wife.

Finding I did not know where to look for her, he ordered me to sing for his amusement, as his temper was slightly ruffled—(I thought more than *slightly*.) The only thing I could sing at the time was a little French song Mistress Catherine herself had taught me. At first he

did not pay any attention, but after I had ceased singing, he asked me to repeat it, muttering—"Ah! poor Catherine."

He then leant down his head and seemed to go to sleep, so when Mistress Catherine came she looked, I thought, scarcely pleased to see him there, and went up to awake him; he started up with an oath, but seeing who it was, laughed, and begged her pardon; he then led her to the window, speaking in a quick, passionate tone. I saw her colour rise and fall, and once or twice heard my own name mentioned. After a time he turned to me, and asked if I should like to go to Mr. Burnett, and live with him, until my mother came,

which might be very soon, as the King had now pardoned my father.

The reader may believe how my heart throbbed with delight at such joyful news; indeed, I did not know what I was doing, until he said—

"By Gad! the child is crying, and I meant her to laugh. How soon the contrary nature of woman comes out, though I have never seen it in you, my sweet Kate; you are one in a thousand;" and he put his hand fondly on her head, looking into her eyes with a gaze as tender as her own.

After staying and talking some time, he went away, leaving Mistress Catherine all smiles and happiness.

I was a little startled when she told

me I must go to Mr. Burnett next day, and wondered why such a hasty arrangement had been made, but the only explanation Mistress Catherine would give me was that she was probably going on a journey.

The following morning Mr. Burnett came and took me away, to a great gloomy mansion which he inhabited, and I almost shuddered as the door rolled back with a grating sound, and disclosed a large dark hall, which, being lighted from above, looked particularly sombre. The only pleasant thing was a comely-looking dame, who came forward to bid me welcome, and whom Mr. Burnett introduced as his housekeeper, Dame Margery. She immediately took me

under her care, and led me to a chamber, which she said was to be mine.

After taking some refreshment, more to satisfy her kindness than from feeling the want of it, I went out into a large garden, enclosed by immense high walls; there I found a perfect wilderness of beautiful flowers, which, from being untrained for a long time, had grown into such tangled masses, that in some places even the walks were rendered impassable; this, to my mind, was more lovely than all the stiff regularity of the gardens I had been accustomed to see, and I immediately began to gather a nosegay, intending to while away an hour or two in decorating my chamber. Dame Margery now joined me, bringing two

or three large vases which she said she wanted filled with flowers for the reception chamber. So I went to work, and when they were filled followed her into a large room which did not seem in keeping with the rest of the house,—the walls were of beautifully carved oak, which was shown off to advantage by the rays of the evening sun; the ceiling was also oak, but studded all over with coats of arms done in colours, which made it appear very gay. The furniture was of carved oak, too, with purple velvet cushions, and looked as if part of the room, it was so massive; the windows were large and in arched recesses, and the light coming through the brilliant stained glass threw shadows of

various colours in every direction,—altogether, I thought it the finest apartment I had ever seen.

I amused myself for some time in examining everything in the house; and going back to the reception-room, I found a fire had been lighted in the large fireplace, so I seated myself by it, and gave myself up to my favourite amusement of story telling.

In the middle of my dreams I fell asleep, but woke soon, trembling and terrified, gasping for breath with a sensation of drowning, which was so vivid that I sprang to my feet and called for help. Even when awake and conscious I was safe, the same sensation of horror came over me twice again, then passed

away, and I sat down to try and reason myself into tranquillity, purposely turning my back upon the fire that I might watch the shadows which flickered on the wall, as the flames at one moment lighted up the room and in another left me in total darkness.

I was again in the midst of dreams, when a loud knocking in the hall announced, I hoped, the return of Mr. Burnett, so I crouched back in my large chair that I might surprise him when he entered. The next moment all my visions of fairy knights seemed to be realised in the person of him who now entered, and I sat, almost afraid I was dreaming again, holding my breath, least I should be discovered.

The stranger, thinking there was no one in the room, seemed at first irresolute, and even half turned to go, when a second thought appeared to strike him, and throwing aside his hat he sat down near the fire.

I cannot attempt to describe him; there was a light thrown on his face by the warm blaze that lent almost a glory to his handsome features; and my reader would laugh were I to explain the effect that face had on my already excited imagination. At last, thinking I would like to speak to him, I got up; he started, and springing to his feet bowed very low.

I, remembering the manner in which my mother used to receive her guests,

returned it with a grave curtsey. I saw him smile, and blushed painfully as I thought he was laughing at me; but, recovering myself, I took a chair, while he still remained standing before me; for some time I gazed at him in silence. I shall never forget that face; it beamed upon me through years of trial and affliction—no cloud ever obscured that light—it shone on, ever on, steady and unwavering in life, and became perfect ineternal glory after his unfortunate end.

Most of us have some beacon which lights them through the darker hours of life, but few have one so bright as that it pleased God to give me. He was the first to break the silence, asking pardon

for his hasty intrusion, and excused himself by saying he expected to find a friend there, mentioning my mother's name.

"She is *my* mother," I exclaimed; then blushing and confused at having spoken, I shrank back, waiting for him to answer.

After some time, I looked up; he was still gazing at me earnestly; and when I stammered out some question as to his acquaintance with my mother, I saw he had noticed my confusion as he merely answered my question, and then said that if I wished he would leave me and return again; but I, thoroughly ashamed of my own timidity, managed to request him to remain, and then gradually

curiosity overcame shyness, and I began to speak to him of my mother.

He drew nearer ere he answered, and learning over me he explained that he was secretary to my Lord Clarendon, from whom he now came, that he had known my dear mother for many years, and loved her as he said all who knew her did. He had chosen the right cord to touch my heart, and I spoke to him quite openly and easily, even begging him to lay aside his cloak, which he did, thanking me for my kindness.

We spoke at last of my father and the King's affection for him, and of his inability to oppose the feeling of the people, and I now heard that a great fleet was to sail, commanded by the Duke of

York, against the people of Holland. My new friend laughed much at hearing my fears, ridiculing what he called my "woman's weakness," playing with his sword knot while I answered warmly that it was not for myself I feared, but for those brave men who went forth to shed their blood for my country's safety and honour.

The smile with which he had looked at me faded away, and in its place came a grave, stern expression, as he leant down and said—

"You must be a soldier's wife, fair lady. Heaven send some noble heart to win such a kindred spirit!"

Then he was silent, and sat looking

fixedly at the fire until I asked him abruptly if he were a soldier?

"No, lady," he exclaimed, "would to Heaven I was!" and the fire was not brighter than the flame which flashed in his dark eyes. "No, lady, I am not, but I would give all I possess—home, everything—to lead one charge. To die a soldier's death is worth living for, but I—I have no such prospect, my life is a peaceful one, my death will never be on a battle-field." Then he muttered as if thinking aloud—

"Perhaps on the scaffold, and then where are my dreams of glory? no one will speak of a death on the scaffold as you, lady, spoke but now of a soldier's."

"Except it were that of a patriot or martyr, and then," (I forgot I was not only thinking,) "then no battle-field can shed a greater glory or spread a fairer winding sheet, no shout of victory will raise the triumphant soul more proudly than the groan that bursts from the pitying throng, and surely no knell can be so sweet as the welcoming shout of the angels that wait to bear the patriot's or martyr's soul to Heaven. I have dreamt of such a death, and if I were a man, I would rather die thus, than fall at the head of a conquering army."

I paused, breathless and trembling, as I thought of my grandfather, and hiding my face in my hands, tried to overcome

my excitement, which had, it seems to me now, lent new force to my tongue.

When I again looked up he was standing before me, a light sparkling in his eyes, but a troubled expression on his face. He took my hand and said—

"You know not all I have felt while you spoke, dear lady; I little thought to hear such words when I saw your young face, but now they are mine, and I shall never forget them. If I die (and one cannot count long on life in these troubled times) remember you have taught me how to die."

He paused in deep emotion, and bending respectfully on one knee, kissed my hand, and then turning away he placed himself again by the fire, and sat buried

in deep thought until roused by a bell ringing. He sprang up, involuntarily laying his hand upon his sword.

My fears, which in the nervous state I was in were easily aroused, proved groundless, and changed rather to intense disappointment as Mr. Burnett entered alone, and instantly told me that my dear mother had been detained for a few days. In spite of the presence of a stranger tears would come, and I was much relieved when he advised me to retire, promising to see me again in my own room, which promise after a long time he fulfilled, and diverted my thoughts to a different subject by telling me of the sad havoc the plague was making in the densely populated parts of the city, that he feared it

would not long be confined to those localities, and that everywhere he heard the same opinion uttered with lowering brows and forboding faces.

After saying a short prayer he left me, and happily being very weary I soon fell asleep and forgot all my troubles and anxieties that had weighed upon my heart.

CHAPTER VII.

"The Demon of the Plague hath cast
From his hot wing a deadlier blast,
* * * *
So quick that every living thing
Of human shape, touched by his wing,
Like plants where the Simoom hath past,
At once falls black and withering."

MOORE.

ALAS! and alas! for human hopes. "Man proposes, God disposes." Amen. So be it, O Lord! Thy ways are not as our ways, but Thou orderest all things in wisdom and kindness.

Even yet I dare not dwell upon the next few days.

The dreadful watching, and at last the reality! What, though years and years have passed over my head, leaving it bowed down and white, long before age would have done its work; what, though other griefs have torn my heart, and almost dried up the fountain of my tears, I never forgot that first agony — the dreadful reality of feeling that I was motherless ; but so it was.

The ship in which she was returning had been driven on the rocks, and all hands, save one (a poor sailor), had perished. This happened the very night I was watching so hopefully for her arrival, and a creeping sensation of horror thrilled my heart as I thought of my dream.

Mr. Burnett brought me the sad news, and I can still fancy I see his scared face, as he crossed my chamber and took me in his arms without uttering a word; but a voice of thunder seemed to tell her fate, and I heard the word "drowned" boom in my ears; nay, even though I pressed my hands over them, it still rang loudly, and I heard it shrieked on and on till I fainted.

I did not return to reason until aroused by the tears of Mistress Catherine; and then I awoke, perfectly conscious of what had happened, and flew like a bird to her breast. After giving my tears time to lose their first strength, she spoke to me, bidding me try to be calm, and even thankful that one so

unfit to buffet with the world had been taken away from its trials; but I could not then thank God for depriving me of my mother, though in after years I looked upon it in a different light.

When she left me, Mr. Burnett came, and read to me for some time, ending by telling me that my father had obtained permission to join the fleet under the Duke of York. This was a great comfort; for though many were the chances against him, yet it was favourable, inasmuch as he was now in a position to return to England.

We were one day talking of my dear mother, when a message came that my Lord Clarendon's secretary was below.

His name brought back the fulness of my loss, yet I felt glad when Mr. Burnett told me I might see him; so I followed, not daring to look at my black dress as I passed the long glass.

There was a strange swimming sensation in my head as I moved, and when I reached the door I paused, irresolute, almost afraid to enter, and stood holding the latch. Hearing Mr. Lawrence say—"So very young, and yet so womanly! Poor child! I wish I could comfort her!" I entered, and he started forward, saying—

"I did not expect you to come, my dear child!"

He had called me "dear lady" before, so I now saw he had been deceived in

my appearance ; and, kind as his words were, it did not altogether please me to be addressed as a child.

Mr. Burnett took my hand and led me to a chair, where I sat listening to their conversation ; and, somehow, the quiet tone in which Lawrence spoke allayed my agitation, and when he took leave I felt happier than if I had listened to Mr. Burnett alone.

He told me, in parting, he would be grateful if I looked upon him as a brother, and would let him visit me again whenever he could get away from his duties, to which the reader may believe I gave a willing assent.

That night the plague, which was hourly increasing, made dreadful havoc,

and poor Mr. Burnett was out all the next day. I knew he was visiting the poor dying creatures, because, on returning, he went direct to his chamber, changing everything, and taking a bath before he came near me.

Day after day he went and came, and each day he gave me more fearful accounts of the sickness. The very air seemed to grow oppressive and heavy—the scourge kept creeping on into the open and healthiest parts—one by one houses were deserted, and at last the wealthy population, following the example of the Court, fled.

During this time Mr. Burnett received several letters, begging him to take me to the country; he gave them to me,

and told me I should go, but *he* could not; when I asked why he could not go too, he said—

"My dear, I may not leave my poor dying people to perish without a minister of the Gospel."

"Then I shall not go," I said; but it was with the utmost difficulty I could get him to listen to me.

He made use of every argument he could think of, pointing out all the horrors; but this only strengthened my determination not to desert him, so I acted for the first time against his wishes. Next morning it became known that Mr. Burnett visited the plague-stricken; so a red cross was marked upon the door and

the servants, except Lisette, my new maid, left us. Even Margery went.

Mr. Burnett going out one morning, kissed me, saying, "God bless you." The manner in which he said it, and the fear of his taking the plague when absent, made me run after him and ask him to take me with him. To my surprise, he said—

"Thank you, my dear, you may come with me if you desire it."

I flew to my room, and putting on a dark serge cloak and petticoat, I soon overtook him. With my hand upon his arm I walked quickly through the dismal streets, and, after many turnings, came to that portion of the town where he had most visits to pay. We went from house to house administering medi-

cine, sometimes arriving too late, and sometimes only in time to hear their dying groans.

It was a terrible day! and as I stood looking on, trembling and horror-stricken at the poverty and misery, I learnt a lesson I have never forgotten.

After we had visited a great many, we turned to go home, he taking my hand. For some distance we walked on silently, and ere we reached home darkness had set in. As I ascended the stairs he said, looking earnestly at me—

"Mary, you never saw misery before; do you think your own trials heavy now?"

"Oh no, no," I cried, bursting into a flood of tears. "I never thought of the

sick and poor before; oh! let me always help you!'

"God bless you, my child, you shall do so;" and he laid his hand upon my head as I involuntarily knelt down.

When I arose I saw tears were in his eyes, but I was calm, though bewildered too, for I felt I had a difficult task before me, and one of overwhelming importance. Life had suddenly become a reality, and the future seemed far too short for all that now appeared to me to be done. I lay awake long that night, turning over and over in my mind what I should do, so as to assist the poor people as much as possible. I thought of the poor troubled faces, and heard again in the silence of my own room the sobs of one poor mo-

ther who had just seen her last child die.

Starting from my bed, I fell upon my knees and prayed long and fervently for health and strength to help these poor people. Rising refreshed and tranquillised, I lay down and fell into a quiet sleep, dreaming of my mother, that she was standing by me and pointing to a bright above, so dazzling in brightness that I could not look at it.

* * * *

Day after day I went with Mr. Burnett, and Lisette used to look at me in agony, though, poor faithful thing, she never wished to go away, but sat the long dreary day watching for my return, and ready to refresh us after our day's work was over.

Thus a fortnight passed, and during that short time I stored up so many lessons of patience, faith, and trust, that I could not but feel glad of it, although it cost me much to learn. They remained graven on my heart and there ever after I found an antidote against every trial.

I have often told my young friends of the sad things I saw during the plague; but, in case I shall some day write them down, I shall not dwell upon them now, except one case, which as it remained for long the brightest example I had known, I shall indulge myself in relating here.

Mr. Burnett usually avoided all the large streets, keeping along by-ways and alleys, until we reached the district near the wharf. One day, however,

being later than usual, we took a short cut through what had been a fashionable square, but now, to all appearance, perfectly deserted. We were hastening along, when a cry caught our ears; both of us paused and listened; we heard the wail again, seemingly proceeding from one of the largest mansions. Mr. Burnett hesitated a moment, then ran up the steps, and attempted to open the door; after one or two efforts, not being barred, it yielded, and we found ourselves at the door of a beautiful hall, but to our horror there was a dead body lying across the threshold.

Mr. Burnett stooped down. I saw him start, and lay his hand on the breast of the man, whom, by his rich dress, I at

once saw was a gentleman of station.

"Alas ! too late," he cried, as he stood up, still gazing at the livid and distorted face.

Then, again, the cry came echoing through the empty rooms, with a sound so mournful and unearthly, that I shuddered, and drew near my dear friend. He saw my weakness, and said—

"Fear not, God is with you."

I felt strong enough to follow up the wide staircase with tolerable steadiness, guided by the piercing wail from above.

At the end of a passage, where an open door led to a bedchamber, there, stretched on a white coverlid, lay a gray-haired old man and woman, both dead; and a pale-

faced child lay wailing close to the cold breast of the woman. I uttered a cry, and sprang forward, but nearly stumbled over another corpse; it was that of a young girl, who lay half concealed by the drapery of the bed.

I said a corpse, but she was not quite dead, and made a faint effort to rise, as the sound of my voice reached her.

Oh ! never, never, shall I forget the gleam of wild happiness that seemed actually to dart from her eyes, as, with one of those fearful efforts which those who know death, say so often precedes the last flicker of life, she sprang up, and, pointing to the bed, exclaimed—

"Save my child; my husband left to-day to seek help." Then her eyes

dilated, and she stood pointing to the door. "Oh ! my God ! he is gone too."

I started, expecting to see some one, but there was only the long passage. When I turned the poor thing was lying across the bed, quite dead.

Mr. Burnett took up the child, and gave it me. I carried it into another room, where I found the remains of a fire still smouldering, and sat down to warm the poor little thing, trying to keep back my tears, which, however, came spite of all my efforts.

Mr. Burnett followed in a short time, and stood looking on He laid his hand upon the child's head, and said—

"Poor thing, thou hadst best have gone too."

"It is going," I said, pointing to its glazed eyes and darkening lips. I wondered when I saw how relieved he seemed, and, bidding me stay there whilst he went in search of some one to bury the dead bodies, he left me alone, and thus I sat till the poor little child sobbed its soul away, and I wept over it as if it had been my own.

Mr. Burnett came at last, bringing men who put the bodies into one great coffin, and left it nailed up. He then locked the doors, taking the great key, at which I did not wonder, as the house seemed full of rich plate and pictures.

Next day Mr. Burnett was met upon the threshold by an old servant, who, weeping bitterly, said he had but just returned,

having been sent by his mistress upon a distant errand, but which he found was only her kind way of keeping him out of danger.

From him Mr. Burnett heard, that when the plague broke out the young lady was very ill, being close to her confinement; that her husband was in Ireland with his troop, and as all their servants fled there was no one left with her and her child, only a year old, but her father and mother; her baby was born, and died the next day; she became endowed with supernatural strength, doing everything; at last, under pretence of sending a letter to her husband, she persuaded the old man to take this long journey.

"Your master must have come unexpectedly," said Mr. Burnett.

"Oh, God! he gone too," exclaimed the poor man. "Oh, sir, what am I to do now? All, all gone. You would know them, sir," he said, eagerly looking up.

"Yes, my friend, I knew your master, and trust he is in Heaven."

"Amen, amen!" sobbed the faithful servant, and so we parted.

I shall tell no more tales of the plague now, beyond what took place in our own residence, for you can hardly suppose, that three of us should escape it altogether; strange as it may seem, and as it did seem to me, I was the one who escaped.

One morning, Mr. Burnett and Lisette were laid prostrate with what I too plainly saw was the first threatening of

the plague. I cannot tell how I felt. I remember becoming very cold and sick, and for a moment the thrill of horror made me think I too was stricken, but it was only fear.

I thought that day the longest I had ever passed; it was growing dark when, leaving Mr. Burnett sleeping, I stole to the open window, and stood breathing the fresh air; seeing the red reflection of the setting sun, shining upon some glass, I felt an intense longing to look at the horizon, which I knew from this sign must be one sheet of crimson and gold, so I went down to the great drawing-room.

The blinds were all drawn close down, but being those called Venetian, I could

see a little. I forgot sun and sky; nay, for a time, even my distress, in contemplating a man who stood under a porch opposite, and seemed to watch our house.

What mattered it that the hat was drawn down to conceal the face, and that a dark cloak enveloped his whole figure.

I knew who it was at the first glance, and felt a sense of protection I had once found before, wrap itself round my heart.

I was on the point of throwing open the window, when I remembered the plague, and an invisible power seemed to hold back my hand. "Why should I bring him here to die?"

The tears ran down my cheeks as I stood terribly tempted, on the one hand

my duty to him, on the other a sense of loneliness, want of comfort, and my own weak heart. I saw him take out a book, write a few words, and tear the leaf out. He then walked across the street, and the great bell rang once, nay thrice, still I stood clasping my hands and breathing quick. Again the bell rang, and somehow it had a reproachful sound, but determined not to heed it, I stood resolute, and saw him cross the street again, to his old position, there folding his cloak round him, he lay down upon the stone step, as if resolved to await the answer to his summons.

I do not think I ever before or after shed such bitter tears, or felt so utterly weak and wretched as I did then. I

could have knelt there for hours, had not a low call brought me back to a remembrance of those whom God had put under my care.

I only looked once more across the street, thinking I might never see him again, and then hurried away.

Mr. Burnett had awoke from his sleep better than he dared to expect, and when I got to his bedside, was praying earnestly. He gave a cry of joy when I entered, whispering that he feared I had been taken away.

When I told him of my distress, asking him what I should do, at first he did not understand, but when he did, he soothed me, saying I was a good girl, but that I

should bid Lawrence welcome, as he had already breathed the plague.

I do not know *why I clasped* the old man's hand, and thanked him so fervently, but he seemed even in his agony to know me better than I knew myself, for he smiled faintly at me, and made an effort to lay his hand on my head.

When I had arranged him, and seen that poor Lisette was sleeping the dull, heavy sleep, which was sometimes the most fatal sign, I once more flew to the window, which this time I opened, and backoned to Lawrence. He sprang up, and the next moment his voice sounded in my ears, but I was trembling so violently I could not understand him, and said,

"What have you come here for!"

It sounded cold and harsh, yet it was all I could say.

If I had not felt in my own heart that he had come to be with us in life and death, I would perhaps have been able to speak; as it was the effort was almost too great.

I saw him take off his hat and stand bareheaded in the dim evening light, and say—"I came to serve you, Mary." There was a coldness and reproach in the tone that went to my heart; and now my only thought was to show him I was not ungrateful.

I ran down stairs and unclosed the great door; as I did so I saw something white lying at my feet, it was the leaf

which Lawrence had pushed under the door, and this he picked up as he entered, I thought looking pleased.

Without a word, I led the way to Mr. Burnett's room, and finding him again asleep, went on and visited poor Lisette. She being in a sort of stupor, I came down to the reception-room and sat by the fire, trying to seem at ease, but miserably deceiving myself all the time. At last, totally overcome, I let my head droop upon Lawrence's shoulder.

I do not know now, or did I even then distinctly, what he said at first—it seems rather as if he had not spoken at all. I remember only that, after I had told him as well as I could all Mr. Burnett had done in visiting the poor people, he said—

"You forget what you have done yourself, Mary. Do you remember once telling me of a martyr's death? Little did I think that you should become the self-given martyr to teach me to despise death. I heard the whole story from an old man, the servant of a friend of my own. It was then the blood seemed to boil in my veins, and your voice rang in my ears. I could not rest in peace, my spirit was with you, so I came; and little do you know how anxiously I have watched the house. Now, Mary," he added, after a pause, "do you still bid me go? there is no one who will miss me even if I do die. May I stay with you? I have no sister, you have no

brother. Look at me, Mary! say yes or no, I shall question no more."

I got up and took his hand, looking (as he told me afterwards) so calm and quiet, that he felt quite awed in my presence.

* * * * *

Poor Lisette died that night; but, by the mercy of God, Mr. Burnett was considerably better in the morning, and past the worst.

Lawrence now took my place as nurse, and most tenderly did he fulfil his duty, sitting up with him night and day. I cannot express the feeling of gratitude and comfort when, after falling

asleep, as I often did, in Mr. Burnett's room, I looked up and saw my brother-friend beside me, sometimes watching me, sometimes reading.

As soon as Mr. Burnett was able, he wished to go out to visit the sick again; but, seeing my pale face, he let me persuade him to give up his occupation for a while and go into the country.

His consent, however, was very reluctantly given, and not until he had tried much to prevail upon me to leave him in town. But at length his own weakness also admonished him, and one day, when after walking once or twice up and down stairs, he was obliged to sit down to recover his breath, he looked up into my face and said, shaking his head sadly,

"The Lord's will be done!" Soon after this he told me, with a cheerful voice, to prepare all that was required for our journey.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Close by those meads, for ever crowned with flowers,
Where Thames with pride surveys his rising towers,
There stands a structure of majestic fame,
Which from the neighbouring Hampton takes its name."
POPE.

WE went away the day following, and no one who has not been a prisoner amidst sickness and death, as I had been, can have any notion of the overflowing gush of gladness that seemed to carry me away as I saw the green fields and breathed the pure, fresh air again.

I laughed, and then cried, doing all

manner of childish things, and even insisted on getting out to feel the soft turf under my feet. The very birds rejoiced with me, and I thought flew nearer than they had done before.

I was hurrying up the grassy hill, round which the carriage was slowly moving, when my friend joined me, and said, as he looked at my flushed face—

"Your roses are blowing already, dear sister; surely you have some elixir. I might make my fortune at Court if you would teach me the secret."

I laughed, but blushed too, and making an effort, I said—

"It is the elixir of happiness."

"Ah!" he said, looking very sad, "few

can make use of such a dangerous recipe."

"Dangerous," I exclaimed; "why do you call happiness by such a terrible name?"

He looked at me in a way I had never noticed in him before, with a sort of stern, penetrating glance, which chilled and oppressed me.

"Happiness is often more to be feared than misery," he said; "misery makes us try to find consolation whence alone it can come; happiness blinds us to all but our own weak hearts, and often leads us to sin and sorrow."

When we reached the carriage, and I was again in my place, I leant back, and

began thinking what my friend really meant.

We now arrived at the cottage which was to be our home, and found it a small, thatched, old place, close to the Thames. I looked forward with joy to the prospect of freedom and quiet which was to follow.

Mr. Burnett used to sit all the day on the little lawn, with a book before him, but, as I found out, in reality thinking. I hinted so much to him one day, but saw he thought he studied much, and seemed amused that I should have been so deceived as to think he was dreaming.

Lawrence, or "brother Lawrence," as I liked best, even then, to call him, would take me long walks amongst shady trees, on the banks of the dancing brooks, all of

them so beautiful, that I told him he must possess a magic wand to make nature look so fair; at which he laughed, saying—"There was a magic, but that I was too young to understand it yet."

He became graver, and talked of other subjects, but, oftener than all, he would make me tell him of my mother, charming many little childish secrets from me, until I felt he knew almost as much of her as I did.

There happened to be a good supply of books in the cottage, and these served to while away much of our time, as we took them out to read in the shade. I suppose the green leaves and soft grass, the rippling stream and music of the birds lent the charm to the tales, and made me

feel as if I could sit for days listening to his voice; but I knew better afterwards. The trees, birds, and water never brightened the same tales again.

One of our favourite books was the plays of Will. Shakespeare. Lawrence read beautifully, his voice and expression changing with every feeling of the play, and carrying me so completely along with him, that I would cry or laugh, just as if I was one of the beings he read of. Sometimes he would stand up, and playfully make me a bow of thanks.

I do not know how it came about, but one day we began talking of the Bible and of eternity. He let me tell him all I thought, leading me to speak openly of things I had been concealing and dwell-

ing upon in my heart. I had said a great deal, and, becoming excited, perhaps a good deal more than I really understood, or meant.

Lawrence sat silent for a while, then asked me where I had got such wild notions from.

There was not much in the question, but just then it fell like a drop of cold water on my burning heart, and pained me deeply, so much so that the tears came into my eyes before I could make an effort to stop them.

Lawrence saw them, and, taking hold of my hand, said how sorry he was to vex me ; but that he could not think all I said would ever come true, but if I could

show him where the Bible said so distinctly, he would believe.

Oh! how bitterly I felt my own weakness and want of knowledge, and would have given worlds to remember any place where it said clearly what I in my heart saw written there.

I thought of the words, "Be ready to give a reason for the faith that is in you;" and how, by my very enthusiasm and warmth, I had weakened my own argument, by exciting Lawrence's pity; so I sat silent and ashamed, and was very glad when Mr. Burnett's approach put an end to further discussion.

I thought for many an hour over our conversation, and read more earnestly in my Bible, in hopes of being able to

prove to him the grounds I had for what I had said; but I had no opportunity then, and when we spoke of it a long time afterwards, I had no cause to bring proofs before him; he had more excuse to teach me.

After a fortnight had elapsed, I was awakened from my happy dreams, and recalled to the harsh reality of the world, by the arrival of a messenger, who brought a large packet, addressed to Mr. Burnett, which contained a letter for me from Mistress Catherine, written in the same loving strain as of old, ending by telling me to be ready to come to her very soon.

Having read my letter, I had time to look up to see if the rest brought equally

pleasant intelligence. There was a flush on Lawrence's face, which deepened as he read on; and at last, looking up suddenly, he caught my anxious gaze, and with a short, bitter laugh, threw me the letter. It was an angry reproval from my Lord Clarendon, telling him he was trifling with his time, and ordering him to return to his duty immediately, or it might be too late.

The letter seemed to me harsh and unkind, and I could not but wonder at Lawrence's thoughtlessness in showing it to me. My cheeks flushed as I said—

"I am very, very sorry, to have let you stay."

He stared at me vacantly, and then muttered—

"How stupid I am! I should have explained it. This letter means more than appears in it, and yet less; for it means, Mary, that my lord is to be sacrificed to his country, and that, deserted by his friends, trampled upon and insulted by those who dare not until now whisper a word in his hearing, he will be given over to his greatest enemies. Oh, heaven! to think that one who has toiled for his country as he has, giving up time, energy, wealth—nay, happiness—for that country's welfare, should be thus disgraced. By God! Mary, it makes my blood run cold to think of the base ingratitude of man.

I thought Charles had owed more than this to his servant. The Duke, too—all, all, forsaking their friend in time of need."

He ceased speaking, choked by the vehemence of his feelings, and clenching his hand, sat waiting the approach of Mr. Burnett, who had left us to read his letters.

He heard the news sadly enough, but reproved Lawrence's haste in thus judging the King and Duke; bidding him remember how dependent the former was upon parliament, especially at this time; and ending by counselling him to set off immediately, and stand by my lord through his troubles; and the old man seemed much affected as he laid his

hand upon the Bible, and bade Lawrence tell my lord that he would pray for him.

My dear brother took my hand, and telling me not to forget him, went away.

* * * *

A few days afterwards, another messenger arrived, bringing, as it appeared by Mr. Burnett's sad countenance, still worse intelligence; and when he had gone, he told me that he had heard very bad news, as an Act of Parliament had just been passed to prevent ministers like himself, who were called Dissenters, from going within five miles of the

church in which they had formerly held their service.

Poor old man! how he sighed over the folds thus left shepherdless, crying to the Lord to come and help them. Then starting up, he said—

"We must go back to London, Mary. They cannot chase me away from the fold I have chosen there. Oh! Clarendon! who would have thought this of thee?—that thy last act—for, verily, such it may be here — should spread dismay and trembling amongst the servants of thy God. Vain, indeed, is our trust in man! I would, Mary, that I had lost my right hand, rather than one I thought so noble had left such a blot upon his name."

In spite of his determination, I heard nothing more of our return to London; and July came, with its bright warm days and sunny skies; but quiet and peaceful as it was in the forests of Windsor, it was wild and stormy without.

The war with the Dutch troubled and excited the whole country, and few of the great families of the land but were thrown into anxiety as to the safety of at least one of its members.

Another source of uneasiness to Mr. Burnett, even in the retirement of our present home, was the too evident influence of the Romanists, who, favoured by the Duke of York, and, it was generally believed, by the King, were advanced to

positions of the highest trust, not immediately connected with the Government.

The evils of the encroachment upon the rights of the clergy, which was called the Act of Oblivion, were brought at this time glaringly before us, by the fate of an old friend of Mr. Burnett's.

He had preached for many years in a little church near Titchfield, in Hampshire, and had been ejected, as coming under the denomination of a Noncomformist.

His congregation listened to his farewell exhortation with tears and lamentations, and, assembling at the little parsonage, besought him to appoint some place in the open air where they might still listen to his doctrine. He, being of

a meek and fearful disposition, shrank at first from thus evading the commands of the King; but, looking round upon the throng of anxious faces, he thought how they were like a flock without a shepherd, and how easy a prey they would be to the wolf who is ever near ; and he overcame his fear enough to appoint a neighbouring valley, in which he would hold his meetings.

Most of his congregation were poor people, and yet there were amongst them some who boasted of noble names and high birth, and who came veiled or masked, and though round the cottage-hearth many hazarded conjectures as to their names, no one ventured to speak openly, or stare rudely, at the strangers.

The good clergyman grew bolder as time slipped quietly away, and he had not been interrupted in his ministry, but the storm was gathering; a band of soldiers surprised them during their service, and, rushing among them with profane shouts, ridiculed their pastor, and tore his gown from his shoulders.

At first the country folks seemed too much surprised to understand their position, but at last a young farrier, seeing one of the half-drunken soldiers clasp his sweetheart in his rude embrace, could bear it no longer, and, seizing a stone, he knocked the ruffian down, shouting to his companions to stand

by him, and fight for their rights and religion.

Their spirit was roused, and, catching up whatever came in their way, they rushed upon their assailants, and finally drove them off, but not before five of them lay dead on the ground. This was a terrible offence; the poor clergyman had to fly immediately, to escape the consequences of the resistance, over which he had no control.

A few days after this intelligence had reached us, Mr. Burnett and I were sitting in the porch, watching the last rays of the setting sun, he expatiating on the wonderful works of God, and I trying to listen, though my thoughts

wandered often to my absent friend Lawrence. Suddenly a step on the gravel startled us, and, looking up, we saw an old man in travel-stained and ragged clothes. His trembling knees gave way as he reached us, and, falling on the ground, he asked us for help in God's name. I shall never forget the mingled expression of sorrow and anger with which Mr. Burnett looked at me as he raised him in his arms.

"It is him of whom we have just heard, Mary, and the friend of my boyhood."

I was very much shocked, and gladly assisted in nursing the poor man, who, when he recovered, remained with us

until we returned to London, when he departed into Wales, his native country.

CHAPTER IX.

"Oh! war! thou hast thy fierce delight
Thy gleams of joy, intensely bright
Such gleams as from thy polished shield,
Fly dazzling o'er a battle-field!"

SHAKESPEARE.

Mr. Burnett having at length fixed the day for our departure, I left the cottage with a heavy heart, wondering if I should ever again revisit scenes of my happy rambles with Lawrence, and was only cheered by the hope of seeing him in London.

When we arrived within its precincts,

we became aware that some great event had taken place.

The whole city resounded with the ringing of bells, and the noise of guns. Mr. Burnett said nothing, but took one of my hands in his, and held it very firmly; and when I asked him the cause of such rejoicing, he gave me no answer; and I, being accustomed to see him in absent fits, waited with what patience I could.

Upon entering one of the crowded thoroughfares, we met a great procession of men and women, carrying torches and banners; while they shouted and danced, yelling and fighting like so many demons.

Mr. Burnett put his head out and

begged the people to make way for us, but his voice was drowned, and one drunken wretch threw a cup of liquor in his face, and uttered a horrible oath, which made the poor old man draw back in haste, and tell me not to look at the poor creatures, who knew not what they were doing.

As the carriage began to move, a printed paper was thrust in, which Mr. Burnett picked up, and I looking, saw the heading—"Victory, or the four days fight;" and heard him exclaim, "Oh, my God!" and crush the paper hastily in his hand.

"What did the man say," I asked, very anxious to know more, and thinking

something he had said, had caused Mr. Burnett's strange manner.

"Eh! girl," he said, in answer to my question, "don't ask me, it is nothing to you or me. Oh! no! to you or me," he repeated, abstractedly, as he leant back in the corner of the coach; and I, frightened that something had happened which he wished to conceal from me, sat trembling.

"Oh, thou sword of the Lord," he muttered, "how long will it be ere thou be quiet; put up thyself into thy scabbard; rest and be still." Seeing my eyes fixed upon him, expressing all the anxiety I felt, he asked me not to look at him thus, and I, feeling his rebuke, prayed fervently in my heart that the

cloud might pass away, or that I too might share it.

Alas! I little knew how soon that cloud would burst in all its might over my own head.

Getting into a side street, we escaped from the crowd, and proceeded at a quicker pace; and though I still heard the yells of the people, mingled with the bells and guns, all was comparatively deserted, until we reached the Temple Bar, when coming into the Strand, we saw the whole length lighted up, as if on fire, every window blazing with candles, and in some places rows of lamps were swung across the street, looking so bright and pretty, that I was sorry when

we turned away into the dark, dismal looking squares again.

The great door was barred and bolted when we arrived at the house, and we had to ring more than once, ere we could gain admittance; we had evidently not been expected, for (and happily as it turned out) the old porter had taken the opportunity of inviting some of his mess-mates, and not content with a fire in the great hall, but wishing to do all honour to the occasion, had lit an immense one in the dining hall, and there, spread upon a cloth of the richest and whitest damask, stood a goodly supper, with Dame Margery herself sitting in the place of honour.

A look of dismay came over her fat red

face as we entered. She stood, stroking her white apron, her face becoming redder and redder every moment, until at last she burst out into some unintelligible excuse about the occasion, and her country, and would have said more, but Mr. Burnett, who seemed almost glad at the unexpected sight, prevented her, saying,

"We shall not interrupt the party. I only ask them to adjourn to the hall and leave us a small share of the entertainment." Adding, solemny, "My friends, temper your mirth; think of the widow and the orphan."

He laid his hand as he spoke on my head, and drew me towards him. Good Dame Margery at this came nearer, and looked close into his face, then at mine.

After a moment, she covered her face with her apron, and went away weeping.

When we were alone, Mr. Burnett poured out a cup of wine, and made me drink it; he then took off my cloak, and drawing a great easy-chair to the fire, bade me sit down and sleep awhile. I wondered why he did all this, but mechanically obeyed, and, weary with the journey, was soon asleep.

When I awoke, Mr. Burnett was still sitting beside me, with his face buried in his hands; and every now and then I could hear a stifled moan, as if he was in great agony, either of mind or body.

Wishing to comfort him, I begged him to tell me of his grief; but he care-

fully evaded my question, pretending there was nothing the matter, and at last I went sadly to my room.

I found Margery had arranged everything in the greatest order, even opening a case which contained a picture of my father, and laying beneath it a bunch of flowers—rosemary, rue, and white lily. Their fragrance soothed me. I laid them, with the picture, beside my pillow, and so fell asleep.

In the morning, Margery told me Mr. Burnett had gone out, and requested me not to admit any one till his return; and I thought Margery looked very sad, as she told me of the rejoicings which had been carried on in honour of a great victory; and I felt sad too, for I began

to think of my poor father, and that he might be even then fighting.

After a little, I got up and went to the drawing-room, and sat down with some embroidery work; but the gay colours mocked my sight, and I put it aside, and gave way to thoughts of the days that were gone—days of my early childhood, and of my dear father and mother. I was still far back amongst these treasured memories, when Mr. Burnett entered.

I wondered not a little to see him clad in a new suit of mourning, even deeper than what he usually wore. He embraced me without speaking, stroking my cheek affectionately, and then, after looking at me for some time, led me to

the window, the same from which I had once before watched the setting sun, and there he pointed to the red and wild-looking clouds floating lazily along.

"It is very beautiful and terrible," I said, hoping he would speak; still he said nothing, and I looked at the clouds, which grew more lowering, and moved faster along. I was thinking much of my father, and in my imagination likened them to ships; and, growing excited, exclaimed—

"Look! look! — see, they are like ships. It is a battle. I can see the smoke rising in clouds. See, there is one broken and dismantled, like a tempest-tossed wreck." I had grown almost

fierce as I spoke, raising my voice unconsciously.

"Mary, there has been a fight at sea," said Mr. Burnett, in a low voice. "Can you bear to hear the details now?"

I know not why, but I began to tremble violently. The old weight came back, and I bent down my head until it rested against the window, as I said, "Please go on," and he did so.

Thus I heard the explanation of his sadness and the story of the victory, and more—oh, God! that it should be so—that I was one of those orphans of whom he bade the servants think, amidst their mirth.

* * * * *

Again I had lifted up my voice and wept. The dark shadow of death had passed over my dwelling, and, by God's mercy, my heart had rested upon Him through it all. My spirit had bent, but was not broken; and, even in the agony of the moment, I had felt it was another link in the chain that was binding me to heaven, and a light to guide me through the darkness of my earthly path.

I wept, but not as I had done for my mother—such tears flow but once; nor even would I have dared, if she still lived, to shed such for my noble father, dying as he did for his King and country — sealing with his life's blood the letter he had just received, granting

him pardon and the possession of all he had lost.

The shot that pierced his breast, passed through the paper, which is now an heirloom in our family, and will go to the grave with the last of our race.

Now he was dead, those who reviled him living were loud in his praise; giving him, when too late, the justice they knew he deserved. But such, alas! is too often the case.

It was some days before I saw any one; for dear Mr. Burnett was of opinion that grief should be indulged in, as a time when the heart, being more open than usual to holy influence, it may perhaps take a faster and everlasting hold of heaven. So he kept me

to himself, making me speak to him much of my father; and thus I really felt the wound healing sooner than if I had been forced to smother my sorrow and mingle with the world.

When Lawrence was permitted to see me, he reminded me of the conversation we had had upon the glory of death in battle, and said I must have had some foresight of what was to happen.

This visit of Lawrence's brought comfort, mingled with pain, bringing to my mind what a different meeting I had hoped it would be. There was something, too, in his manner that puzzled me; a constraint and despondency which cost me many a wakeful night. So changed indeed was he, that even Mr.

Burnett, immersed in writing and visiting as he was, had time to notice it, and remark it to me.

I was deeply disappointed at his coldness, and could not but compare him with others, for I had many would-be friends now, who, anxious to retrieve their injustice to my father, and to please the King, who spoke openly of his glorious memory, came to pay their respects to me, with many expressions of condolence and affectionate pity.

Lawrence alone seemed to avoid me; and I would have given up all the fine sentiments I was forced to listen to, for one kind word from him; not indeed that he was unkind exactly, but there was something hid. I knew he was unhappy,

and trying to keep it from me, so I was very wretched, and out of temper with everything. I soon began to suspect my new friends might have another reason for their attention to me: it was this—

The King, considering my father's gallant deeds, and how his reward had come too late, had, with the generosity he possessed at heart, granted to me, his only child, all the wealth and honours he had intended to restore to my father. So in the eyes of the world, I might, as an heiress and titled lady, seem much to be envied. Though Heaven is my witness how light all these appeared in my eyes, and, excepting only for my dear father's sake, would have been utterly worthless.

Mr. Burnett rebuked me, when, one day, I ventured to tell him how little I cared for these things, and told me, I ought to be thankful for the power I now had of helping my poor fellow-creatures, and taking me to walk on the Strand, he bade me look at the crowds of half-clad, half-starving people, who jostled the great and rich, staring round with fierce, eager eyes.

That lesson went to my heart more than a thousand words, and I came in wiser and better, to thank God for the good I had entrusted to me; yet I wanted strength, and was terribly perplexed how to set about helping the poor, knowing well that charity must be given care-

fully, or would do more harm than good.

The state of the Court was now the saddest topic of the day amongst Mr. Burnett's friends. (I do not mean his fine friends, but ministers and teachers.) They deplored the weakness our kind hearted King showed, in giving way to such men as Buckingham, and listening to the advice some gave him, to divorce his gentle Queen, and marry another.

This, however, he happily refused, and his profligate Court sneered at his love for poor Queen Catherine. Nay, my Lady Castlemaine openly insulted her, while Mistress Stewart, another of the King's gay ladies, sat down in her Ma-

jesty's presence, giving, as excuse, the state of health she was in, adding, that her Majesty might be excused from ignorance, understanding such a state's requirements.

Charles resented this insult openly, by requesting Mrs. Stewart to remain in her own house until she could stand in the Queen's presence; but he soon forgot it, and invited her back again.

Concerning my Lord Clarendon, the King gave us great uneasiness: going, as he too often did, from one extreme to the other, he suddenly turned upon my lord, whose cause having only been sustained by his favour, and that of the Duke of York, we lost all hope, and his friends

began gloomily to prepare their minds for the worst.

Nor was it alone amongst private houses the consternation prevailed; the whole town was in a ferment of uncertainty.

One day bells would ring for some rumoured victory; another, shops were shut up whilst their masters hastened, pale and breathless, to the ports, to swallow wild tales of defeat and ruin.

CHAPTER X.

THE FIRE.

In the midst of this general confusion and anxiety, an event occurred, which calamitous as it seemed at first, was, perhaps, the most providential circumstance that could have happened, serving to unite, as it did, the royal brothers, both joining hand in hand to save their subject's lives and properties; and also for a time diverted men's thoughts from rancour, suspicion, and treachery.

The event I allude to was the Great Fire of 1666.

It began, as most great things do, by a very little matter; a fire in a baker's shop near the old city bridge, then on went the thirsty and insatiable monster, pursuing the spectators from street to street.

On and on, for three days and nights, until more than half the mighty city lay a heap of smoking ruins; and it was only by the blowing up of whole streets that a barrier was opposed to the angry element. Well do I remember the joy which Mr. Burnett expressed as he told me the fire was subdued.

Truly, it had been a terrible foe, and a sight I shall never forget; yet, as I said before, though it seemed at first a

scourge, it turned out in reality a true friend, cleansing the filthy haunts of our old enemy, the plague; as the whole of the quarter in which that complaint raged, was that to which the fire showed least mercy.

Another thing, too: it gained the King a higher place in the affections of his subjects than anything else could have done; for, being told of the outburst of the fire, he went immediately to the spot, and not content with looking on, set to work with good will to help those who were trying to check the flames.

The crowd looked on for a moment in astonishment, then raised a deafening shout of "God bless the King!" and began their work with renewed energy.

During all the time of the fire, the King toiled on with his subjects, gaining golden opinions, which the misdeeds of his after life never completely effaced.

Oh! what terrible misery that fire caused; whole families burnt out of house and home, and sent starving upon the selfish world. It was now I felt the truth of what Mr. Burnett had said, in there being use for wealth; and I was soon altogether employed feeding and clothing the poor and houseless wretches who wandered about the streets in a state of starvation, hiding their scorched and half-naked bodies during the daylight, and coming out under cover of night, prowled about, haunting the

church porches, filling the air with their imprecations and groans.

Thanks to the King's generosity, I had the power of helping them; and, thanks to Heaven, I had a heart which readily responded to the summons.

Day after day, I was up at sunrise, preparing for my applicants; and in this case I found out the truth of the proverb, that "Good news travels apace," for each morning brought me fresh crowds begging for assistance; and I found the poor creatures would go to any distance to find out some friend whose case was as wretched as their own, to whom they could tell where they would be relieved; so the reader may imagine how the labours of the charitable were increased.

For my own part, I have often since wondered at what I did, and thanked God for my strength. It was marvellous, the heaps of clothing Margery and I distributed, and the immense boilers of soup which were filled and emptied as regular as the day came.

We had four men constantly at work in the kitchen, day and night; and poor Margery grew quite thin with her hard work, as she sat up all hours of the night preparing clothing for the poor watermen, who claimed her special pity.

Mistress Catherine herself brought me bundles of linen, large quantities of which I knew came from her own wardrobe.

Lawrence often came, too; but only

ran up to say a hasty word of encouragement, and never giving me time to question him on his own health, which I feared, from his pale face, was very indifferent. I never felt tired of the eternal stitch, stitch, except after one of these hasty visits, and then often an evil spirit of impatience seemed to take possession of me, and I would even lay aside my work, and sit idly dreaming of the happy days at the cottage; and it took some time ere this feeling faded away, and I could resume my work.

Day after day flew past; the faster my needle went, the faster the time went too, and Mr. Burnett told me I was laying up a store of happiness for the time to come. I did not then fully

understand his meaning, though I did feel very happy as family after family were housed and clothed.

It was a dark and troubled year upon the whole, and, as I looked back upon it from Christmas, seemed one long clouded day; perhaps the darkest cloud of all was the change that had taken place in Lawrence; every day I had felt more constraint in his presence, though I must say I was not much put to the test, seeing that he visited us so seldom.

Towards the end of the year, I had been a good deal with the Duchess of York; yet, though often in her room for hours, I saw but little of the two Princesses (for so the King desired they

should be called), they being occupied almost entirely in study or gaiety.

Of the two, I liked the Princess Mary the least. She took great pains to bring forward her own learning, and seemed amused when I could not answer some abstruse questions, patting my head as she called me a simple little goose.

What vexed me most in her conduct was the way in which she spoke of what was done at Court, retailing scandal that was too shocking to believe, and laughing heartily at jokes that made even her sister blush; taking great care, however, to be circumspect in the presence of the Duchess.

She had two great friends, the Ladies Villiers, both of whom, I am ashamed to

say, I hated cordially; nor was there any love lost between us, as I heard one say that I was a little puritan hypocrite, and no one would speak to me but for my fortune.

The reader may fancy this did not increase my affection.

The Princess Anne was at that time the very reverse of her sister, but, being so completely under her control, it was almost impossible to understand her true character, and also being constantly occupied in the gratification of her own tastes, I saw but little of her, and that little did not make me like her.

Towards Christmas, the Princess Mary seemed to find a pleasure in coming to see me, usually bringing one of her

friends with her, which I did not at all like, as they ran about the house looking and laughing at everything, eating up Dame Margarey's choicest confections, and sometimes being so rude as to play jokes upon poor Mr. Burnett; he, good, patient man, only smiled, and called them giddy children.

One night during Christmas week I happened to attend the Princess to the hall-door, and noticed that the attendant who came to escort her bore a strong resemblance to Lawrence. The thought flashed upon me quite unexpectedly, and I forgot what I was saying, and made some silly answer to the Princess, who, looking at me sharply, asked me why I stared so at her lacquey.

Blushing to the eyes, and almost crying with vexation, I said hastily—"I know better than that," and ran off to seek refuge in my own room, when, after my anger had evaporated, I began to think how foolish I had been to suppose Lawrence would disguise himself, and absolutely longed for an opportunity to apologize to the Princess for my rude behaviour. She did not, however, come again for some time, and when she did, I did not think fit to mention anything about it.

Christmas week in the seventeenth century was a truly jovial time. King Charles, ever ready to seize on any excuse for gaiety and amusement, set the example to his subjects by superintend-

ing the preparations for masques and pageants of all kinds.

Tents were erected in the Palace gardens, under which banquets were spread, while actors and singers performed for the amusement of the company. Processions of mummers paraded through the town, bearing grotesque figures of Christmas, and immense flagons of spiced ale to heighten their merriment.

The Court wits and beauties promenaded the streets in their gayest dresses, even clustering round the orange-stalls and eating roasted chestnuts at the shop-doors, and not only the Court, but even the Queen went, though I believe more to please the King than herself. The streets were one continual fair, in which might

be seen every one who aimed at being popular either with the King or country.

During the week, the Duchess of York came almost daily for me, and took me about in her coach, the Princesses preferring to walk with their governess and the ladies in waiting, accompanied by the Court gentlemen, and sometimes by the King himself, who set great store upon his nieces, particularly Mary, being the most beautiful.

Mr. Burnett took me out once or twice, but the levity of the ladies shocked him, and saying he was quite out of place of such things, he gladly gave me up to the Duchess, thinking I was thus spared a portion of the scenes. One day, to my great joy, Lawrence came to take

me with him, to join the Court party at some gardens a little distance from London, where they had appointed to meet, and have spiced wine and buns.

Getting into a coach, we soon left the streets, and got into the lovely snow-covered country, which glistened as if strewn with diamonds, long icicles hanging from the sheds and cottages by the way side. We could see bright fires and fresh holly boughs surrounded by merry faces, and were offered many a cup of steaming ale and wine as we trotted slowly on.

At last we had to get out and walk, the garden not admitting the coach, and then came my greatest amusement.

The path being like glass, my high-

heeled shoes slipped about in every direction, and I had to cling to Lawrence's arm for support, though, as he often slipped too, we laughed heartily together, and, as we drew near the party, were greeted with loud mirth, they having all in turn gone through the same ordeal.

One or two young men started forward to help me, but, being in too much haste, both fell, adding to the merriment by their vain endeavours to gain a footing again; at last one gave it up, and crept on his hands and knees towards me, begging in the most comic manner that I would give him my hand.

I, thinking nothing, held it out, which was greeted with much applause. He sprang up and claimed me as his partner

for the day, led me on, and presented me safely to the Duchess of York, the Queen being indisposed and unable to be present.

He who had claimed my hand was my gentleman for the day—one I had never met before, but the son of a real friend of my father's, and, as he was both witty and handsome, I felt very much pleased at being so fortunate, whilst he said he was also, so we set about enjoying ourselves, caring very little for any one else.

CHAPTER XI.

"Oh! that I were a god, to shoot forth thunder
Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges,
Small things make base men proud, this villain here
Being captain of a pinnance, threatens more
Than Bargulus."

SHAKESPEARE.

THE spring of 1667 had opened with a great talk of peace.

The King now beginning to see that war had really been "a mistake," despatched my Lord Hollis and Henry Coventry as ambassadors to the Hague, with instructions to bring about a peace;

and though that happy consummation had not yet been attained, the public thinking there could be no danger, went briskly on with their trade and speculations.

Lulled by the sanguine hopes held out by the Court, the country was soon at ease, and asleep, when one day in June, a cry of consternation rang through the city.

Messengers hurried, pale and terror-stricken, from the wharfs to the public offices, spreading the astounding news that the Dutch were in the Thames.

At first the news was received with doubt and incredulity, but by degrees conviction was forced upon the people.

The news was indeed too true.

Having obtained secret intelligence of our supposed security, Admiral De Ruyter had sailed into the river, beaten Sir Edward Sprague, taken Sheerness, and broken the chain placed as a barrier across the mouth of the Thames.

Such was the intelligence brought by the first messengers, but before orders could be issued, or any plan arranged, the Dutch had left the river, sailed round, and threatened Portsmouth, Plymouth, and Harwich; and then, whilst the Court and people were still staring open-mouthed at each other, De Ruyter returned to the Thames, but encountering a severe check at Tilbury, again retired.

Proclamations were now sent post over the country, and in a few weeks, Parlia-

ment had assembled, but to the astonishment of lookers on, took no notice of the circumstance which had brought them together, but passed the strangely inconsistent bill for breaking up the army.

Thus 12,000 men, who had just been raised, were disbanded, and the two Houses being prorogued until winter, the representatives of England complacently returned to their country seats, leaving the complicated affairs of the country in the hands of an undecided and divided ministry. At this time, and most happily for England, came the conclusion and signing of the treaty at Breda in July, clearing away some of the threatening difficulties, and extricating King Charles from a mass of minor troubles.

This may appear a mere dry historical recital, but my fate, and that of those connected with me, is so interwoven with the public events of the time, that I could not carry on the thread of my narrative without mentioning them here.

CHAPTER XII.

"Fly, fathers, fly, for all your friends are fled,
And Warwick rages like a chafed bull.
Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit."
SHAKESPEARE.

My Lord Clarendon had taken much to coming to us of late, walking in after dark, and sitting down wearily by the hearth, sometimes scarcely saying a word the whole night. He, however, always seemed to take an interest in all I did; and once, when I had been speaking a great deal of Lawrence, he took my hand, and bade me look him in the face, and

tell him if I loved "this same Lawrence."

I looked up, wondering very much why he should ask me such a question, but recovering myself, I said, "Yes; I call him my brother."

He patted my head, and looking at Mr. Burnett, smilingly said, "Why does she call him brother?"

When he had heard that it was on account of his great kindness to me, he said,

"Very good, child, I am glad it should be so; but you are a tall girl to have gay young courtiers hanging about thee, and Lawrence has many a fair friend who would give him little mercy, did she know that he has such a pretty adopted sister."

I felt a stinging sensation in my heart, and looked up with burning cheeks, to ask if I did wrong in loving him.

"Not as thou doest, but stop there," said my Lord Clarendon.

"My lord," said Mr. Burnett, interrupting him, "Mary is a child."

At which my Lord Clarendon sighed, and said,—

"Ah, yes, I forgot, there are so few children now. I wish two, who are very dear to me, were just such children. Poor things, they have given me many a heart ache already. But God knoweth best. My prayers shall ascend daily for them, nor will I forget thee, Mary. Thy mother was even more like my own child, than her they call mine."

One evening, after the door had been closed for the night, my Lord Clarendon came hastily in. Soon after his arrival, and while we were sitting quietly by the fire side, a startling summons at the door made my lord jump up, and almost at the same instant the door was flung open, and my dear Mistress Catherine entered.

She did not at first observe my lord, but threw herself on her knees before Mr. Burnett, sobbing as if her heart would break, and I saw him turn pale as he bade me leave the room.

"Oh! no, no, let her remain," said Mistress Catherine, looking round at me. "Come and kiss me, Mary—but, oh! no, go away, I cannot speak before you; go,

and ask God's help for the wretched and broken hearted."

After holding me for an instant she turned away.

I found my Lord Clarendon pacing the hall in great agitation, and he asked me hastily if the lady had said anything, and when I repeated the little that had passed, he grew very angry, and swore more than I had ever heard him before, cursing the evil tongues of men and women, and I, rather alarmed at his unusual behaviour, sat down quietly, expecting and hoping I might be called back; but I was disappointed in this, as a message came to my lord alone, and I, feeling that I was not required, retired to my chamber.

In the morning, Mr. Burnett rather

increased than satisfied my curiosity by saying that Mistress Catherine was very unhappy about her husband, and I was feign to be content with this information.

That day saw the ruin of my Lord Clarendon accomplished. Several of his friends, in speaking to Mr. Burnett of it, blamed the King very much, but praised the Duke of York, saying he had behaved nobly, but that the King, embittered by Buckingham, who hated as much as he feared my lord, and the knowledge that the banishment of his minister would gratify both Houses of Parliament, resolved to sacrifice to the malignity of the people his most virtuous and upright counsellor.

So, to cover a multitude of sins com-

mitted without his sanction or knowledge, Clarendon was given up.

When Mr. Burnett went out that afternoon, he told me that most probably my Lord Clarendon would return with him, and that Dame Margery and I were to be prepared to entertain him as it befitted him. Lawrence came soon after, but could give me no particulars as to the decision of the House of Lords on his master's fate.

He seemed very tired, so much so, indeed, that, returning to the drawing-room after having left him a short time, I found him fast asleep.

Stealing up to his side on tiptoe, I stood gazing in his face, watching the throbbing of the blue veins across his

temples, and marvelling to see how fast they beat.

As I stood I caught sight of something lying at his feet, and, stooping down, I took up a little gold case, beautifully ornamented with jewels. I had never seen so pretty an ornament before, and, not thinking I was doing any harm, sat down by the fire to examine it; as I did so I made a false step, and was near falling. The sudden jerk made the case in my hand spring open.

Inside there was a miniature of a lady, whose beautiful face was quite familiar to me. It was that of the Princess Mary. I felt cold and sick, and was completely absorbed in the contemplation of the portrait, when I felt a hand

upon my shoulder, and turning saw my Lord Clarendon stooping over me.

His face was dark as thunder, his white lips actually quivering.

"Madman," he muttered; "did he give you this, Mary?"

Frightened, I whispered—"Oh, no, it had fallen down." My lord held out his hand, as if to take it, then, with a sudden movement drew back.

"Wake him," he said, "and do not tell him I have been here." He drew his cloak round him, and stole out of the room, leaving me very much alarmed.

I saw there was something connected with the portrait which had made a very powerful impression on my lord, and I feared boded no good to Lawrence. I

was still doubtful how to act, when my lord, having altered his mind, returned, and took the case out of my hand. He then called Lawrence by name, in a loud voice; the sleeping man sprung hastily up and apologized, saying he had been tempted by the warmth and quiet of the room to take a moment's rest.

"I do not blame thee, my poor boy," said my lord, in a kindly voice; "you have had horse's work these last few days. But look you, you have dropped some love token; it seems a pretty toy;" and, without seeming to notice Lawrence, who thrust his hand into his breast and sprang forward, he pressed the spring of the locket.

I watched Lawrence, who shrank back,

and a frightful pang crossed his face, though he did not speak, but stood with head erect, and his eyes fixed on the little glittering casket. My lord looked at him for a moment with an expression of reproach and pity, and then, to my astonishment, he cast it into the fire.

I know not how I did it—it was the impulse of my heart — but the next moment I was grasping the locket in my scorched hand, and felt that I was held back by Lawrence.

I heard my Lord Clarendon exclaim "Good Heavens!" and felt his hand, trembling violently, try to raise my head, as he whispered, "Is she hurt, Lawrence?" but *he* did not seem capable of speaking, and only held me tighter.

"Take me away from him, Lawrence," I said, for I feared Lord Clarendon now, I saw him so altered; but I was judging him hastily, for he said—

"Mary, you reprove me justly. Look, my child! I, an old, gray-headed man, beg thy forgiveness. Mary," he said again, "speak to me, and say you are not hurt. Let me see your poor hand."

When I held it out, I saw it was not much burnt, though the excessive pain made me feel faint and sick; besides, I had not yet recovered the shock caused by the violent behaviour of my Lord Clarendon, and my only wish was to get away as soon as possible to my own chamber; so I whispered to Lawrence

my desire to do so, and he led me away, my lord holding the door open for us to pass out, saying as we left the room—

"Forgive me, Mary."

Some of old Margery's never-failing salves were brought to light and administered, amongst a host of questions and condolences; and she, having obliged me to take a cordial to soothe my nerves, bid me try to sleep. Once left to myself, I began to think of the scene I had just witnessed, and how the impulse of passion, which had made me, without being aware of it, thrust my hand into the fire, had only shown itself in another form in the action of which my Lord Clarendon had been guilty.

My conscience reproached me for

the harsh judgment I had passed upon him in my mind; and I remembered the text I had taken for my morning portion, and knelt down to ask God to impress upon my heart the words—

"Judge not, that ye be not judged."

Then rising, I wrapt a shawl round my arm, and intending to make my peace with Lord Clarendon, when down stairs. When I reached the room in which I expected to find him, high and, as it seemed to me, angry words caught my ears; but not recognizing the voice, and fearful of interrupting, I paused, uncertain whether to proceed or not. While I wavered, the door was thrown violently open, and some one called in a loud tone

for Mr. Burnett, and I, shrinking back into a window recess, easily escaped notice.

As Mr. Burnett, coming out of his library, hurried across the hall, the man who had called him, and stood with his back to me, addressed him—

"Burnett, you only can reason with him; he will not listen to me, or common sense."

"James, you lie!" exclaimed a voice I knew; and the next minute my dear Mistress Catherine's husband, looking very much agitated, sprang forward, and pushing the other man aside, laid his hand upon Mr. Burnett's shoulder, saying—

"Listen, old man. James would, he pretends, stem the torrent now, which he

himself raised years ago, when Clarendon stood up before him and demanded justice for his daughter. It was he first whispered suspicion. Times are changed now, and truly he has said little of late; but the storm has been gathering silently but surely. Did he try to save us years ago?—nay, I may say months? But now when he knows, and I believe rejoices in his heart, that I am in the hands of a merciless, wrangling mob, with neither money, troops, nor friends to assert my words, he must needs bid me give in; in fact, lay my head upon the block—ay, I speak in earnest—lay it where my father's was before it; for, on my soul, his advice leads to nothing else."

As he finished speaking, he turned away and paced the room like some angry animal, his brother looking at him in silence; Mr. Burnett, seemingly to give time for this burst of passion to subside, was silent too. Presently, Mr. Charles paused, and, turning to his brother, said, in a quiet, sorrowful voice—

"James, I rage like a madman; but, by God! I feel like a madman. I swear I would give my best friend—and you know that is saying much, for my friends are few—yet, I would give up my best friend, to bid Clarendon stay. I have better cause to love him than you think; and, bad as I am, I have been saved many a crime and heart-sting by the

man you affirm, 'I would now willingly give up.' D—n them all! there is not one amongst them I admire or love as I do poor Clarendon," and he struck his forehead with his clenched hand as he spoke.

James seemed touched, and said, in an earnest voice—

"Charles, I have wronged you, and yet I did not mean all you say, Heaven forbid I should. I see it now, he must go, but not die."

"Die!" burst from Charles's lips. "Who dares to say that word? No, by Heaven, the man who breathes such a wish shall pay the penalty himself. Die!" repeated he; "my brave and faithful servant; no, by God!"

I heard a heavy groan beside me, and that instant a figure, which had been concealed by the darkness, glided past me, and I heard Mr. Charles exclaim passionately—

"Clarendon! by all that's infernal!" And then my lord threw himself at his feet, and I heard him call "King," and pray God to bless him for the comforts he had given him; saying he had served him faithfully, but must now go, and conjured his Majesty to accede to the cry of his enemies.

"Nay, even let me die," he said; "it is no braggart boast. I already stand upon the brink of the grave, and the axe will be an easy death. You dare not

save me, and now I care not, since I know you have not wronged me."

The King covered his face with his hands, while the gray-headed minister knelt before him, and offered his life to his country.

Mr. Burnett and the Duke of York left the room, closing the door, and groping their way across the hall without speaking; and I, feeling I had learned a terrible secret, went in trembling haste to my own room, my hand and the locket entirely forgotten, as a thousand more important thoughts rushed upon me.

Yet I knew nothing certainly; it was all an entangled mystery. I felt afraid of its being true, afraid that I should lose my friend, thinking I could not feel to-

wards the Queen as I had done to simple Mistress Catherine. Thus I remained, hoping for, and fearing, the result, almost forgetting the fate of my Lord Clarendon in the discovery which I feared would cost me a second mother.

I had very little sleep that night, and felt glad when the sun peeped in at the window, and gave me an excuse to be up and moving.

In those days a lady's toilet was a much more elaborate and tiresome undertaking than it is at present, and I fear good old Dame Margery, who, amidst her many duties, ranked tirewoman as one, found me that morning somewhat impatient. At last she permitted me to leave my room, though even then she affirmed

that I was not fit to be seen; but I cared little for appearances, and, having already heard the well-known creak of Mr. Burnett's shoes, I was in great haste to get down stairs.

He received me, as was usual, with a kiss and a blessing, and as the flush of eager curiosity had banished all trace of my sleepless night, even complimented me upon my rosy cheeks, saying I grew liker my dear mother every day.

Breakfast time passed, and although a host of questions trembled upon my lips, I had not the courage to ask one, and let Mr. Burnett bid me good bye and go away, even though in going he said he was to see my Lord Clarendon on board the ship which was to bear him to exile.

I felt the tears come to my eyes, as I thought I was not to see him again; and self-reproach for what now seemed to me my great hastiness, was bitterer still; but I had little time to indulge in such thoughts, as this day being one upon which many of the old and poor came to obtain relief, I had no time to dwell upon the scenes of the night before, nor until mid-day had I even a moment to sit down.

I had scarcely composed myself to rest awhile, when, to my great delight, my Lord Clarendon entered.

"I have come to bid thee farewell, my child, and to ask you not to remember the events of last night but rather re-

member me by the love I have borne you and your dear mother."

I tried in vain to steady my voice sufficiently to tell him all I felt, but could only clasp his hand and listen to what he said.

"Thy passion took a generous form, child; mine, God forgive me! was the burst of disappointed pride, and the downfall of a temple which I had been building with my life. You will understand me better some day, Mary; but remember what I say now, that I feel I have done my duty to my country."

After this he gave me a little advice about the management of my private affairs, telling me to follow Mr. Burnett's counsel in everything, and that in after

years when I wished to choose a guide (he meant a husband), I must even more than ever look to Mr. Burnett's judgment; and then he bid me farewell.

I never saw him again.

My Lord Clarendon, greatly to my disappointment, had not mentioned Lawrence's name, and I was left in a maze of wonder as to what had transpired between them. I was hurt and annoyed at his unkindness in parting without a single word of farewell. But then a gentler spirit came into my heart, and made excuse for him, saying, he must have been much pressed for time, and perhaps had dreaded the pain he would give me by a farewell interview; so I knelt down

and bid him farewell in prayer, keeping my burnt hand upon my breast.

That hand I now somehow looked upon as in a manner belonging to him and his memory, and I almost hoped it might bear some lasting scar to remind me of that night.

CHAPTER XIII.

"There are times when the heart will refuse
O'er joys of the present to dwell,
There are moments when mem'ry embues
With a sadness she cannot dispel."

NEXT day, when Queen Catherine came as usual, I could not receive her without a feeling of mingled joy and fear, and she, seeing my agitation, questioned me, and, thinking I was ill, caught me in her arms, and called me by a thousand endearing names, I all the time clinging to her neck, and saying over and over

again to myself that she could not be the Queen.

I had read of kings and queens, and heard them spoken of in low and measured tones, so no wonder if I doubted my senses now.

She at length prevailed upon me to unburden my feelings, and laughed very much when she heard what was troubling me, saying that she would always be Mistress Catherine to me.

After talking to me for a while in this strain, she asked me who told me she was the Queen. Whereupon I was obliged to own how I had heard it; and she then asked me eagerly to repeat all that King Charles had said, and, not content with what I told her, she went to Mr.

Burnett's own room, but he being out, she had not an opportunity then of finding out all about it, and made me again repeat all I could remember, and told me now that I knew who she really was, I had a great secret in my possession, which I must keep very carefully.

This I promised gladly, being proud of the trust, but found another promise I made, that of thinking of her as Mistress Catherine only, much more difficult. Mr. Burnett listened very quietly to my confessions that night, and told me in turn how it fell out that the Queen first came to my father's house, clearing up the first mystery of my childhood.

It seemed that whilst there was only a rumour of the marriage between the King

and herself, my father was secretary to the English ambassador at the Court of Portugal, and my mother, by her gentleness and beauty, had won the favour of the royal family, especially of the future Queen of England, who, when it was nearly certain the marriage was to take place, came constantly to converse with my mother, on the manners and usages of her future home.

This sufficiently explained the reason for the interest she had taken in my mother, and I now found out that it was to her care I owed all the comforts I had been surrounded with during my troubles, for that, during my father's exile, when the rapacious government seized all he possessed, it was her bounty that sup-

ported my mother and myself; and what struck me as being particularly kind, was that she carefully concealed her share of the matter, overcoming my mother's scruples by making her believe it was a secret pension from the King.

I loved her much better from that moment, for her delicacy in thus relieving my mother's wants. After I had heard all this from Mr. Burnett, I meditated long, following up the past even as I do now.

Since then, my heart has learnt to doubt much, and weigh a matter carefully ere I dare place it among things that are true. It was not so then. I felt all the trust of a youthful heart, and now full to the brim of gratitude

and devotion to my Queen; nor was it less loyal to the King, who was not only my lawful Prince, but had, I found now, been my father's friend, and even risked much in pardoning him and restoring his estates; nor, lastly, could I forget that I had seen him the loving and beloved husband of her who had been to me as a second mother; and I prayed with tears that night—"God bless the King and Queen."

* * * *

As summer advanced, occasional news reached us from Lawrence, who even sent me some little gifts by a friend leaving the French Court for England.

Yet I was disappointed to hear nothing of his return to his country; and whenever I visited the Duchess of York, I paid great attention, in hopes of hearing what prospect there was of my seeing him again.

At last, to my intense joy, the glad news came.

One day, as I was sitting with Anne of York, the Princess Mary, who happened to be asleep on one of the couches, awoke whilst we were conversing about my Lord Clarendon, and said, with a sort of mocking laugh—

"Your Grace's little saint would have no objection to hear the news."

"What news?" asked the Duchess.

"That my grandfather is going to dispense with the presence of his charming secretary. Mary is one of his ardent admirers, and will have no objection to see him at her side again."

I looked round, flushing crimson, but more with joyous surprise than aught else; though my blush seemed laid to another account, for the Princess laughed loudly, as she said—

"What a becoming blush the little lady wears! Surely, there must have been some love passages to warrant such a display."

I now began to see what she meant, and feeling very indignant, rose and asked permission to retire to my home,

at which the Duchess, who was taking no notice of what was going on, except to smile, patted me on the head, saying—

"Do not mind Mary, child; she would fain have him herself."

The Princess started to her feet, shaking with passion, as she said—

"You lie! mother; and if I did, is it my fault that I have plebeian tastes?"

The Duchess turned away, and whispered to me to make my escape before the storm burst; and I, nothing loath, hurried away.

On reaching home, Mr. Burnett corroborated the tidings, and increased my delight by telling me that the Duke of

York had obtained permission from the King to appoint Lawrence his own secretary, thus giving him a higher position than ever.

Everything around me now wore a brighter aspect. The thought of his return was always before me, and everything I did gave me greater pleasure than before, as I thought, "My dear Lawrence will see what I do."

But my greatest delight was in arranging my garden, and trimming the overgrowth of roses, which flourished everywhere in entangled masses.

At last, after a week of watching, he arrived, looking paler and older, but still the same as ever.

His duties did not occupy him very much, so that he came very often, and even began teaching me to speak French; and having brought some plays and romances in that language he soon awakened my interest, and, to my great joy and pride, in a few weeks I could make an intelligible translation of the easiest.

I, glad of any excuse to be amongst flowers and sunshine, would throw aside my books or work, and, singing as gay as the birds themselves, run off to train my unruly flowers.

When Lawrence came, and found me thus occupied, he would throw off his gay coat and set merrily about helping

me, laughing when he pricked his fingers, or got caught by the sprays I was fastening up.

CHAPTER XIV.

"But does she dream? Has fear again
Perplexed the workings of her brain,
Or did a voice, all music then,
Come from the grove low whispering near."

MOORE.

My gardening was much pleasanter to me than receiving visitors, and being quite out of sight of the street or front rooms, I managed to avoid most of them.

My reader must not think I overrate it when I talk of "most," for now rarely a day passed without some fine folks coming.

Many were young men, who, as Mr. Burnett laughingly told me, thought the gilding the finest part of the picture, which expression I understood, and we had many a laugh when the porter told told us "My Lord this," or "Mr. that," had been at the door again.

One of these, however, found out my trick, and, inquiring for Mr. Burnett, gained admittance, and one day, when in the very act of nailing a long, tiresome spray of woodbine up my favourite bower, I was surprised by the cordial and triumphant greeting of the gay young cavalier, who had been my partner upon the day of the Christmas feast, and who, I found afterwards, was named Walter Fenton.

Upon this his first successful visit, he found me, as I said, very busy, but what was rather uncomfortable, perched upon the top rail of a ladder.

Disconcerted at the unwonted sight of a strange face in my private haunts, I attempted to return his salutation in a properly decorous manner—(rather a difficult proceeding, during those days of stately courtesy, in the position I was in). I began descending, being careful to avoid showing my ankles, but that was quite impossible, and I caught him looking on with a queer smile.

"Are those the shoes you wore at the feast at Chelsea," he asked, rather oddly; then, seeing I looked surprised, he added, "Nay, don't look angry, I think they

are very pretty; but are they really the same?"

To this I said—"No, what could make him think so."

"Ah! many things; I've dreamt of them since, thinking I saw them in a great heap of lavender and rose-leaves, and in company with a host of others almost as pretty."

I could not help laughing, and charged him with telling stories, and, taking advantage of having sisters (as I supposed he had) who would let him into the secrets of a wardrobe.

"You have guessed it; but do pray come down; really I cannot talk of such serious matters, and see those tantalizing little feet looking so impudently in my

face. Come, let me help you." He advanced nearer, but this was a movement I did not approve, so I gave a little spring, wishing to jump clear down.

My dress was fastened by a branch unluckily, and if it had not been that he caught me in his arms, I must have had rather a severe fall.

Blushing and confused at my awkwardness, I drew my hands out of his, and proceeded to show him the way back to the house, but he objected to going in, saying he preferred sunlight as long as he could have it; so we sat down upon a rustic chair, and for some little time we were both silent. At length he said—

"You spoke just now of my having sisters. I have only one, but she is

worth a whole family. Would you like to know her?"

"Oh! yes," I answered; "I never had a girl as a friend. Where is she?"

"Not far off; she is in Kensington just now; will you come and see her? Let me take you there. I am sure you will be friends; I have told her of you."

"Told her of me, why you did not know me."

"Yes I did, and heard of you too a great deal. I do not so easily forget a pretty face."

"Or a pretty pair of shoes," said I, laughing; for somehow I felt quite at my ease as soon as he spoke of his sister.

"Ah! too true; I have a good memory. But come, let us go to Kensington.

Alice is all alone; we shall give her a joyful surprise. She cannot come to see you; she hurt her back years ago, and can scarcely move at times."

Hearing this, I wished more than ever to see her, and, after a time, proposed to seek Mr. Burnett to escort me.

He, having put aside his work for the day, readily consented, and in a very short time we were trudging merrily in the direction of Kensington.

Mr. Fenton talked all the time of the delights of a country life, telling us how beloved his father was by his people, but that thinking he might serve his country better by being at Court, he had given up his peaceful life.

Mr. Burnett applauded him warmly,

counselling his son to follow so good an example.

During our walk I found my new acqaintance was a soldier, and brimful of military ardour; somehow this knowledge made me think of what Lawrence had said with regard to being a soldier, and mentally I compared him to this one.

When we reached Sir William Fenton's house in Kensington, I was enchanted by the beautiful garden leading to the door, and not less so by the little room into which we were ushered.

"Oh! how pretty!" burst involuntarily from my lips, as I gazed round. Nor need my reader wonder at this.

The room was hung with pictures, and every here and there decorated

with statues and rare vases; stands of lovely flowers were clustered all about; while several cages full of gay little birds added to the charm.

Mr. Fenton looked pleased with my admiration, and lingered a little ere he proposed to seek out his sister, whom he called the presiding genius of this Eden. Just as he was turning to go, a voice, so rich and full as to sound like music itself, said—

"I am here, dear Walter," and a little white hand put back a silk curtain that hung across a recess window.

His sister, for it was she, might indeed be the goddess of this little Paradise. I had never seen a face so beautifully perfect, or beaming with such kindness

and affection ; and, without thinking I was a stranger, but acting as I often did by impulse, utterly regardless of decorum, I threw myself upon my knees beside her couch, and kissed her as if we had been friends for years.

A bright colour flushed to her face, and half returning my caress, she looked to Walter, seemingly not a little perplexed; but noticing my distress when Mr. Burnett, who had been much scandalized by my conduct, began to make an apology for me, she put her arm round my neck, and drawing my now crimsoned face to hers, kissed me, saying—

" We are both lonely girls, we ought to love each other. I often wished to

know you, and I am quite content with what I see."

The visit was a very short one, but the beginning of a friendship which brightened and cheered many a day.

Alice—for by that sweet name was my new friend called — became every day dearer to me, and I also proportionably happier. Her illness had given her time for reflection, and enabled her to advise me in many matters, teaching me how to rule my conduct when with others, and regulate my time and duty when alone; giving me the advantage of her former experience, and all this in such an humble, meek way, that I began to think her almost an angel, and feel utterly unworthy of her friendship.

Many were the pleasant walks I took to Kensington, generally escorted home again by Walter—(as he had taught me to call him)—for, though much engaged on duty at Court — much more, he said, than suited him — he generally managed to spend a little time with us, listening attentively, though our conversation often took a very serious turn, and I thought would likely enough weary him.

Though Alice was unable to visit about herself, she took great interest and pleasure in all I did, remembering often better than I did the names and wants of those I told her of. Even when in great suffering, she insisted upon my telling her of those poor things I visited.

Coming in suddenly one day, I found her weeping bitterly. At first she attempted to conceal her tears, but in vain; for, as I held her in my arms, I could feel the long shivering sobs; and anxious to comfort her, I begged earnestly to be allowed to share her confidence.

She did not answer for a while, and then only shook her head, as she gazed in my face. The expression of hers was absolutely ghastly.

"Alice, darling," I said, "what has happened? Tell me at once. Surely I can comfort you—at least, help you to bear it."

For some time she remained silent, though she clung to me more closely.

At last I felt her grasp relax, and she sank back—but whether in a faint or sleep I did not at first know—and pillowing her head upon my arm, remained watching for her to awake.

The last glimmer of day died away, the quiet twilight stole into the room, and then the moon, in all her pure loveliness, shed her silvery light in at the open window. From my post by Alice's bed I could see part of the garden, and watch the laurel leaves shining like silver in the moonbeams.

Presently, the silence which had grown almost painful was broken by a quick step, and in an instant Walter stood by me.

"Oh! Mary," he exclaimed; then,

seeing Alice, he started, and stooping down, gazed into her face.

I explained how it was.

"It is often thus," he whispered sadly. "Poor Alice! she suffers more than we think, and is too kind to complain!"

He stooped to press his lips upon her cheek. As his lips did so, she smiled, and murmured a name.

Walter started back, as if stung; while, even dark as it was, I saw his face flush crimson, and darting an inquiring look at me, he said—

"What did she say?"

But I had not recognized the word, and told him so. Apparently satisfied with this, he turned away, and sat down

in the window; and I being directly opposite, could see the agitation he endeavoured to control.

He was usually so calm and gentle that I felt doubly distressed to witness such a display of passion, and felt that some terrible mystery was connected with Alice.

At last she moved, and fearing she might again mention the name that had affected Walter so deeply, I tried to arouse her. At first she gazed round in confusion, but when her brother clasped her in his arms. she regained her consciousness, and asked what had happened; and Walter begged me to go into the drawing-room, and there wait for him. I saw he wished to talk to her, and so left them.

A bright fire was almost eclipsing the light of two candles standing upon the table, upon which lay many of those little things, such as you only find in a lady's room.

I sat down and began listlessly turning over the leaves of a blotting-book of Alice's; as I did so I saw a pencil likeness of a man, whose face, but for its expression, would have been very handsome, and yet, regular and beautiful as the features were, there was a look which made me shudder, and hastily put it back within the leaves. Presently Sir William, and then Walter and Alice, entered; so we began talking of all sorts of things, and soon the bright blaze and gay room gave us a sort of

cheerfulness, and by degrees we became very merry, Walter telling us some new gossip, and relating many droll anecdotes of those high in favour or in power. After a short silence he asked—

"Have you heard the last news of Clarendon's *beau ideal* secretary? by my faith, he has got himself into no small trouble. I believe he is some sort of friend of yours, Lady Mary, so you will be interested. It seems that the elder Princess of York has found out the force of her charms some time ago, and has been practising them somewhat rashly of late, but in the last venture has well nigh lost her balance, and followed her own bait; in plain English, she has been caught pledging her faith to this same

secretary, who, it would seem, is nothing loath to mate with royalty. The King has almost gone beside himself, and swears Lawrence shall be hanged, and the lady married forthwith. The Duke of York lectured her for one hour, and cried over her for the two following. But now comes the pith of the story. A second deputation is to go to William of Orange, beseeching him to come and marry the English Crown. Truly, it is an honour to our nation to have to beg a German husband for her who may one day rule our country."

"Walter," said his father, in a reproving tone, "what do you mean? you speak....."

"As I feel, father," and with a flushed

cheek he rose, and seemed about to depart, evidently anxious to end the conversation.

Sir William kept his eyes thoughtfully fixed upon his son, but did not speak. Alice only reproving him for going so soon, but her brother did not seem to hear, or at least to attend to her, until she said—

"How is Mary to go home if you run away."

As he heard this he turned to his father, who smiled now, as he said—

"Thou art a wild boy, Walter; but sit down, and by and by I will reason with you."

So he sat down, and after a slight pause we began to talk as if no inter-

ruption had taken place, though I saw that if any allusion was made to the Court, Walter tacitly avoided it, appearing to wince under his father's eye.

That night, as we walked home, he scarcely spoke, except to answer me when I addressed him; and I, after saying a great deal without any apparent effect, was piqued and grew silent too; so we had a particularly unsociable walk, and I took much pains to call him at parting "Captain Fenton."

END OF VOL. I.

LONDON:
F. SHOBERL, PRINTER, 37, DEAN STREET, SOHO, W.

AUTHORS residing in India, on forwarding their Manuscripts for Publication to Messrs. Saunders, Otley, and Co., may rely their being properly Revised, Printed, and Published, and brought tisfactorily and successfully before the public. Among the celebrated thors, whose publications have issued from Messrs. Saunders, Otley, d Co.'s House, are Sir E. B. Lytton, Bart, M.P., the Right Hon. Disraeli, M.P., Captain Marryatt, Theodore Hook, G. P. R. James, e Hon. Mrs. Norton, Mrs. Jameson, Lady Bulwer Lytton, the Marioness of Bute (author of "The Private Journal of the Marquess of astings," Governor-General of India), Miss Yonge (author of "The eir of Redclyffe"), Berkeley Aikin (author of "Anne Sherwood," The Dean," &c.), Lady Stuart Wortley, A. Baillie Cochrane, M. P., ady Chatterton, Sir Henry Bulwer, Walter Savage Landor, Mrs. Barett Browning, N. P. Willis, Mrs. Colonel Maberley, Mrs. Crowe, and iss Power, &c.

LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Miscellaneous.

he Private Journal of the Marquess of Hastings, Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief in India, edited by his Daughter, Sophia the Marchioness of Bute.
ecollections of a Winter Campaign in India in 1857-8, by Captain Oliver J. Jones, R.N.
vo Years in Syria, by T. Lewis Farley
ary of Travels in Three Quarters of the Globe, by an Australian Settler.
ount Lebanon and its Inhabitants, a Ten Years' Residence, from 1842 to 1852, by Col. Churchill.
ravel, by Dr. John Shaw.
etters on India, by E. Sullivan, Esq.
he Rock-Gibraltar, by Col. Hort.
vo Years in China, by Dr. McPherson.
he Chinese War, by Lt. Ouchterlony.
ecollections of Service in China, by Col. Cunynhame.
ravels in Turkey, by Captain Slade, Admiral in the Turkish Fleet.
mpaigning in Kaffirland, by Captain King.
rs. Jameson's Lives of Female Sovereigns.
rs. Jameson's Characteristics of Women.
he Language of Flowers.
The Management of Bees, by Samuel Bagster, Jun.
The Handbook of Turning.
Park Riding, with some Remarks on the Art of Horsemanship, by J. Rimell Dunbar, Professor of Riding.
Adventures of a Gentleman in Search of a Horse, by Sir George Stephens, with illustrations by Cruikshank.
Handy Book for Rifle Volunteers, by Captain Hartley.

Fiction.

Hopes and Fears; or, Scenes from the Life of a Spinster, by the author of the Heir of Redclyffe, Heartsease, &c.
Almack's, a Novel.
The Dean; or, the Popular Preacher, by the author of Anne Sherwood.
Harriette Browne's School Days.
Paul Ferroll, by the author of IX Poems by V.
Year after Year, by the author of Paul Ferroll.
César Birotteau. A translation from the French of De Balzac.
Memoirs of a Lady in Waiting by the author of Adventures of Mrs. Col. Somerset in Caffraria.
Nelly Carew, by Marguerite A. Power.
Helen Lester, by the authors of Garestone Hall.

The Constitutional Press Magazine.

A Monthly Review of Politics, Literature, the Church, the Drama, and Fine Arts.

Price One Shilling. Yearly Subscription, 12s.; post free, 14s.; post free to India, 24s.

In Politics the "Constitutional Press Magazine" supports the rinciples of real progressive Conservatism.

To Literature it devotes prominence, reviewing critically every ew work of importance which has appeared during the month.

The Church has its true interests zealously watched.

ublished on the 1st of every month, by Messrs. Saunders, Otley, and Co., 50, Conduit Street, Hanover Square, London.

MESSRS. SAUNDERS, OTLEY, AND CO.,

EAST INDIA ARMY AND GENERAL AGENCY.

50, Conduit Street, Hanover Square,
London.

(Close to the "Oriental Club.")

Messrs. Saunders, Otley, and Co. beg to announce that in consequence of their daily increasing relations with India, they have opened an East India Army and General Agency, in connection with their long-established Publishing House, and they take this opportunity to invite the attention of Regimental Messes, Officers, Members of the Civil Service, and other Residents in India thereto, and to the advantages it offers.

BANKING DEPARTMENT.

Pay, Pensions, Fund Allowances, Dividends, &c., drawn and remitted with regularity. Sales of, and Investments in, Government Stock, Foreign Securities, &c., effected. Every other description of Financial Business transacted.

SUPPLY DEPARTMENT.

Miscellaneous Supplies of every description, including Provisions, Wines, Plate, Jewellery, Books, Guns, Band Instruments, Clothing, &c., carefully selected and despatched by Overland Route, or Sailing Ship, to Regiments and Messes in India.

Private Orders from Officers, Members of the Civil Service, and Residents in India generally, are executed with care, economy, efficiency, and promptitude.

All orders should be accompanied by full and detailed directions.

PERSONAL AGENCY DEPARTMENT.

The Constituents of Messrs. Saunders, Otley, and Co. may depend upon receiving every attention to their requirements and instructions. Every assistance will be afforded to their Constituents and their Families on their arrival in England, with the view to relieve them from every possible inconvenience.

Charge, when required, will be taken of children coming from India, and arrangements will be made for their education in England.

To those going out to India, Messrs. Saunders, Otley, and Co. offer their services to secure passages Overland, or by Ship, and to afford them all necessary information connected therewith.

All Letters, Parcels, &c., will be received by Messrs. Saunders, Otley, and Co., for their Constituents (whether in England or India), to whom they will be forwarded regularly.

TERMS.

No Commission charged on the execution of Orders, whether from Regimental Messes or Private Individuals, when accompanied by a remittance, and a small Discount at all times allowed.

MESSRS. SAUNDERS, OTLEY, AND CO.,

EAST INDIA ARMY, COLONIAL, AND GENERAL AGENCY.

50, Conduit Street, Hanover Square,
London.
(Close to the "Oriental Club.")

Messrs. Saunders, Otley, and Co. beg to announce that in consequence of their daily increasing relations with India, Australia, and the Colonies, they have opened an East India Army, Colonial, and General Agency, in connection with their long-established Publishing House, and they take this opportunity to invite the attention of Regimental Messes, Officers, Members of the Civil Service, and other Residents in India, Australia, and the Colonies thereto, and to the advantages it offers.

BANKING DEPARTMENT.

Pay, Pensions, Fund Allowances, Dividends, &c., drawn and remitted with regularity. Sales of, and Investments in, Government Stock, Foreign Securities, &c., effected. Every other description of Financial Business transacted.

SUPPLY DEPARTMENT.

Miscellaneous Supplies of every description, including Provisions, Wines, Plate, Jewellery, Books, Guns, Band Instruments, Clothing, &c., carefully selected and despatched by Overland Route, or Sailing Ship, to Regiments and Messes in India, Australia, and the Colonies.

Private Orders from Officers, Members of the Civil Service, and Residents in India, Australia, and the Colonies generally, are executed with care, economy, efficiency, and promptitude.

All orders should be accompanied by full and detailed directions.

PERSONAL AGENCY DEPARTMENT.

The Constituents of Messrs. Saunders, Otley, and Co. may depend upon receiving every attention to their requirements and instructions. Every assistance will be afforded to their Constituents and their Families on their arrival in England, with the view to relieve them from every possible inconvenience.

Charge, when required, will be taken of children coming from India and the Colonies, and arrangements will be made for their education in England.

To those going out to India, Australia, and the Colonies, Messrs. Saunders, Otley, and Co. offer their services to secure passages Overland, or by Ship, and to afford them all necessary information connected therewith.

All Letters, Parcels, &c., will be received by Messrs. Saunders, Otley, and Co., for their Constituents (whether in England, India, and the Colonies), to whom they will be forwarded regularly.

TERMS.

No Commission charged on the execution of Orders, whether from Regimental Messes or Private Individuals, unless accompanied by a remittance; and a liberal Discount at all times allowed.

AUTHORS residing in India, on forwarding their Manuscripts for Publication to MESSRS. SAUNDERS, OTLEY, and Co., may rely on their being properly Revised, Printed, and Published, and brought satisfactorily and successfully before the public. Among the celebrated authors, whose publications have issued from Messrs. Saunders, Otley, and Co.'s House, are Sir E. B. Lytton, Bart, M.P., the Right Hon. B. Disraeli, M.P., Captain Marryatt, Theodore Hook, G. P. R. James, the Hon. Mrs. Norton, Mrs. Jameson, Lady Bulwer Lytton, the Marchioness of Bute (author of "The Private Journal of the Marquess of Hastings," Governor-General of India), Miss Yonge (author of "The Heir of Redclyffe"), Berkeley Aikin (author of "Anne Sherwood," "The Dean," &c.), Lady Stuart Wortley, A. Baillie Cochrane, M. P., Lady Chatterton, Sir Henry Bulwer, Walter Savage Landor, Mrs. Barrett Browning, N. P. Willis, Mrs. Colonel Maberley, Mrs. Crowe, and Miss Power, &c.

LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Private Journal of the Marquess of Hastings, Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief in India, edited by his Daughter, Sophia the Marchioness of Bute.
Recollections of a Winter Campaign in India in 1857-8, by Captain Oliver J. Jones, R.N.
Two Years in Syria, by T. Lewis Farley
Diary of Travels in Three Quarters of the Globe, by an Australian Settler.
Mount Lebanon and its Inhabitants, a Ten Years' Residence, from 1842 to 1852, by Col. Churchill.
Travel, by Dr. John Shaw.
Letters on India, by E. Sullivan, Esq.
The Rock-Gibraltar, by Col. Hort.
Two Years in China, by Dr. McPherson.
The Chinese War, by Lt. Ouchterlony.
Recollections of Service in China, by Col Cunynhame.
Travels in Turkey, by Captain Slade, Admiral in the Turkish Fleet.
Campaigning in Kaffirland, by Captain King.
Mrs. Jameson's Lives of Female Sovereigns.
Mrs. Jameson's Characteristics of Women.
The Language of Flowers.
The Management of Bees, by Samuel Bagster, Jun.
The Handbook of Turning.
Park Riding, with some Remarks on the Art of Horsemanship, by J. Rimell Dunbar, Professor of Riding.
Adventures of a Gentleman in Search of a Horse, by Sir George Stephens, with illustrations by Cruikshank.
Handy Book for Rifle Volunteers, by Captain Hartley.

FICTION.

Hopes and Fears; or, Scenes from the Life of a Spinster, by the author of the Heir of Redclyffe, Heartsease, &c.
Almack's, a Novel.
The Dean; or, the Popular Preacher, by the author of Anne Sherwood.
Harriette Browne's School Days.
Paul Ferroll, by the author of IX Poems by V.
Year after Year, by the author of Paul Ferroll.
César Birotteau. A translation from the French of De Balzac.
Memoirs of a Lady in Waiting by the author of Adventures of Mrs. Col. Somerset in Caffraria.
Nelly Carew, by Marguerite A. Power.
Helen Lester, by the authors of Garestone Hall.

The Constitutional Press Magazine.

A Monthly Review of Politics, Literature, the Church, the Drama, and Fine Arts.

Price ONE SHILLING. Yearly Subscription, 12s.; post free, 14s.; post free to India, 24s.

In POLITICS the "Constitutional Press Magazine" supports the principles of real progressive Conservatism.

To LITERATURE it devotes prominence, reviewing critically every new work of importance which has appeared during the month.

THE CHURCH has its true interests zealously watched.

Published on the 1st of every month, by Messrs. SAUNDERS, OTLEY, and Co., 50, Conduit Street, Hanover Square, London

50, Conduit Street, Hanover Square,

November, 1859.

Messrs. SAUNDERS, OTLEY, & Co.'s LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Fiction.

HOPES AND FEARS;

OR, SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF A SPINSTER. By the Author of 'The Heir of Redclyffe,' 'Heartsease," &c.

N.B.—This Popular Novel is now appearing monthly in the *Constitutional Press* Magazine.

ALMACK'S.

A Novel. Dedicated to the Ladies Patronesses of the Balls at Almack's 1 vol, crown 8vo, 10s. 6d.

THE DEAN; or, the POPULAR PREACHER.

By Berkeley Aikin, Author of 'Anne Sherwood.' 3 vols. post 8vo, 31s. 6d.

Constitutional Press.—"For this book we predict no ephemeral reputation; all classes will read it. The stamp of genius is on it; but it trenches on delicate ground, and will infallibly arouse the zealous hostility of rebuked hypocrisy."

NELLY CAREW.

By Miss Power. 2 vols, 21s.

IERNE. 3 Vols., 31s. 6d.

HELEN LESTER.

By the Authors of "Garestone Hall." Post 8vo, 10s. 6d.

THE VICAR OF LYSSEL.

The Diary of a Clergyman in the 18th century.

CHANCES and CHANGES.

By the Author of 'My First Grief.' Post 8vo, 10s. 6d.

IRENE; or, SKETCHES of CHARACTER.

A Tale for the Young. 5s. 6d.

CONFESSIONS of a TOO-GENEROUS YOUNG LADY.

Crown 8vo, 10s. 6d.

HARRIETTE BROWNE'S SCHOOL-DAYS.

Post 8vo, 10s. 6d.

PAUL FERROLL.

By the Author of 'IX Poems by V.' Fourth Edition. Post 8vo, 10s. 6d.

New Quarterly.—"We have seldom read so wonderful a romance. We can find no fault with it as a work of art. It leaves us in admiration, almost in awe, of the powers of its author."

YEAR AFTER YEAR.

By the Author of 'Paul Ferroll.' Third Edition. Post 8vo, 10s. 6d.

Examiner.—"We have in this work no faint illustration of the genius of the author of 'Paul Ferroll.' The story is told with skill, the situations are all well conceived, and pointed with the subtle touches which come only from the pen of the true artist."

THE NORTHUMBRIAN ABBOTS.

A Tale of the Seventh Century. By R. B. Werborton, Fcp. 8vo.. 5s.

Miscellaneous.

THE PRIVATE JOURNAL

OF THE MARQUESS OF HASTINGS, Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief in India.

Edited by his Daughter, Sophia, the Marchioness of Bute. Second Edition, 2 vols. post 8vo, with Map and Index. 21s.

Times.—"We offer our thanks to Lady Bute for consenting to the publication of this work. To be duly appreciated, it should be read in the spirit of the dedication. From a situation as difficult as it was splendid, holding the double office of Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief, and tranquillising India by great reforms, it is delightful to see the gallant old soldier and statesman here detailing the strange sights and sounds of an unknown land for the future information of his dear children."

A HANDY-BOOK for RIFLE VOLUNTEERS.

With 14 Coloured Plates and Diagrams. By Captain W. G. Hartley, author of "A New System of Drill." 7s. 6d.

RECOLLECTIONS of a WINTER CAMPAIGN

IN INDIA, in 1857—58. By Captain Oliver J. Jones, R.N. With numerous illustrations drawn on stone by Day, from the Author's Sketches. In 1 vol. royal 8vo, 16s.

TWO YEARS IN SYRIA.

By T. Lewis Farley, Esq., Late Chief Accountant of the Ottoman Bank, Beyrout. 12s.

DIARY of TRAVELS in THREE QUARTERS

OF THE GLOBE. By an Australian Settler. 2 vols, post 8vo, 21s.

MOUNT LEBANON and its INHABITANTS:

A Ten Years' Residence from 1842 to 1852. By Colonel Churchill, Staff Officer in the British Expedition to Syria. Second Edition. 3 vols, 8vo, £2 2s.

TRAVEL and RECOLLECTIONS of TRAVEL.

By Dr. John Shaw. 1 vol, post 8vo, 7s. 6d.

LETTERS ON INDIA.

By Edward Sullivan, Esq., Author of 'Rambles in North and South America;' 'The Bungalow and the Tent;' 'From Boulogne to Babel-Mandeb;' 'A Trip to the Trenches;' &c. 1 vol. 7s.

CAMPAIGNING IN KAFFIRLAND; or,

SCENES AND ADVENTURES IN THE KAFFIR WAR OF 1851—52. By Captain W. R. King. Second Edition. 1 vol. 8vo, 14s.

Mrs. JAMESON'S LIVES OF FEMALE

SOVEREIGNS. Third Edition. 21s.

Post.—"An admirable Gift-Book. These excellent specimens of Female Biography are replete with interest and instruction."

Mrs. JAMESON'S CHARACTERISTICS

OF WOMEN. New Library Edition. On Fine Tinted Paper, with illustrations from the Author's Designs. 2 vols. post 8vo, 21s.

Blackwood.—"Two truly delightful volumes, the most charming of all the works of a charming writer."

ADVENTURES OF A GENTLEMAN

IN SEARCH OF A HORSE. By Sir George Stephen. With illustrations by Cruikshank. Sixth Edition, 7s. 6d.

Dispatch.—"Every one interested in horses should read this work."

Review.—"It is full of the most ludicrous adventures, coupled with soundest advice."

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS,

Elegant Gift Book for the Season. Beautifully bound in green watered silk, with coloured plates. Containing the Art of Conveying Sentiments of Esteem and Affection.

"By all those token flowers, which tell
What words can never speak so well."—*Byron.*

Eleventh edition, dedicated, by permission, to the Duchess of Kent. 10s. 6d.

THE MANAGEMENT OF BEES;

With a description of the "Ladies' Safety Hive." By Samuel Bagster, Jun. 1 vol., illustrated. 7s.

THE HANDBOOK OF TURNING,

With numerous plates. A complete and Practical Guide to the Beautiful Science of Turning in all its Branches. 1 vol. 7s. 6d.

PARK RIDING:

With some Remarks on the Art of Horsemanship. By J. Rimell Dunbar, Professor of Riding. 1 vol. post 8vo, 5s.

DRESS.

A Few Words upon Fashion and her Idols. Fcp. 8vo., 1s. 6d.

THE BEAST AND HIS IMAGE;

or, The Coming Crisis. 2s. 6d.

Pamphlets.

THOUGHTS ON CHURCH MATTERS

IN THE DIOCESE OF OXFORD. By a Layman and Magistrate for that County. 8vo, 1s.

FURTHER THOUGHTS on CHURCH

MATTERS IN THE DIOCESE OF OXFORD. Being a Reply to a Letter from the Rev. W. H. Ridley. By A. T. Collett. 8vo, 1s.

THE WOMAN'S QUESTION

AND THE MAN'S ANSWER; or, Reflections on the Social Consequences of Legalising Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister. By B. A. W. 8vo, 1s.

Poetry.

THE YOUNG POET'S ASSISTANT.

A few Hints on the Composition of Poetry. By an OLD REVIEWER. Post free, 2s.

Constitutional Press.—"A valuable guide book, leading the aspirant to fame tenderly up the steep and rugged ascent of Parnassus"

Sir E. L. Bulwer's Eva,
AND OTHER POEMS.

Earl Godwin's Feast,
AND OTHER POEMS. By Stewart Lockyer.

Saint Bartholomew's Day,
AND OTHER POEMS. By Stewart Lockyer.

Sacred Poems.
By the late Right Hon. Sir Robert Grant, with a Notice by Lord Glenelg.

Eustace;
An Elegy. By the Right Hon. Charles Tennyson D'Eyncourt.

The Pleasures of Home.
By the Rev. J. T. Campbell.

The Neptune's Car:
A Tale of New York. By the Rev. W. Attfield.

Poetical Legends of the Channel Islands.
By the Rev. W. L. Pope.

Gemma of the Isles,
AND OTHER POEMS. By A. and L. 5s.

Eros and Psyche. 5s.

Friendship;
AND OTHER POEMS. By HIBERNICUS. 5s.

Judith;
AND OTHER POEMS. By FRANCIS MILLS, M.R.C.S.L. 5s.

Echoes from the Harp of France.
by Mrs. H M. Carey.

The Progress of Truth.
A Fragment of a Sacred Poem.

Churchyard Musings.
By William Tatton.

Alzim; or, the Way to Happiness.
By Edwin W. Simcox.

The Happy Isles.
By the Rev. Garnons Williams.

Oberon's Empire.
A Mask.

The Spirit of Home.
By Sylvan.

The Moslem and the Hindoo.
A Poem on the Sepoy Revolt. By a Graduate of Oxford.

Melancholy,
AND OTHER POEMS. Second Edition. B Thomas Cox.

Reliquiæ:
Poems. By Edward Smith.

Palmam, qui Meruit, Ferat.
By Norman B. Yonge.

Miscellaneous Poems.
By an Indian Officer.

Ugo Bassi.
A Tale of the Italian Revolution. By Speranza.

The Shadow of the Yew,
AND OTHER POEMS. By Norman B. Yonge.

Poems by Alastor.

Via,
A TALE OF COQUET-SIDE, AND OTHER POEMS. By Mrs Harbottle.

Carmagnola.
An Italian Tale of the Fifteenth Century.

Far and Near.
Translations and Originals. By Eta Mawr.

Mammon's Marriage.
A Poem in Two Cantos.

Poetical Tentatives.
By Lynn Erith.

Five Dramas.
By an Englishman.

Hanno.
A Tragedy. The Second Edition.

Mortimer.
A Tale. By W. G. Starbuck.

War Lyrics.
Second Edition. By A. and L. Shore.

British and Foreign Public Library,

CONDUIT STREET, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON. This Extensive and Valuable Library, containing an immense collection of the best Works in the English, French, Italian, and German Languages, with an abundant supply of all the New Publications as they appear, is reserved exclusively for the use of the subscribers, every subscriber having the choice of the whole. Regular supplies for perusal are forwarded to the Nobility and Gentry by Railroad and Steam-Vessels in every part of the United Kingdom. Terms post free on application to Messrs. SAUNDERS, OTLEY, & Co., at the Library.

For Authors Publishing.

Advice to Authors, Inexperienced Writers, and Possessors of Manuscripts, on the efficient publication of Books intended for General Circulation or Private Distribution. Sent Post free to Orders enclosing Twelve Stamps, addressed to Messrs. SAUNDERS, OTLEY, & Co., Publishers, Conduit Street.

THE

Constitutional Press

A Monthly Review of Politics, Literature, the Church, the Drama, & Fine Arts.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

Yearly Subscription, 12*s.*; *Post free*, 14*s.*

ALL SUBSCRIPTIONS PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

In Politics *The Constitutional Press* supports the principles of real progressive Conservatism.

To Literature it devotes great prominence, reviewing critically every New Work of importance which has appeared during the month.

The Church has its true interests zealously watched. This department is edited by an able and orthodox Divine.

The Drama and Fine Arts are very prominent features, entrusted to competent critics.

Published on the First of every Month, by
Messrs. SAUNDERS, OTLEY, & CO.,
50, Conduit Street, Hanover Square, London.

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA
3 0112 045833222